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CHORRONESSEE,

AND

OTHER TALES.

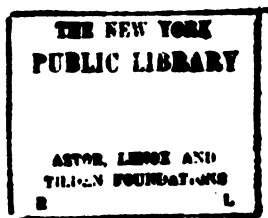
BY

JAMES DOUGLAS THORNTON.

~~~~~  
" \* \* \* yet doth my soul,  
Far midst its darkness, see one wondrous hope,  
Wherein is bright vitality: 'tis to see  
Their blood avenged, and our fair home  
My beautiful native land, in glory risen,  
Like a warrior from his slumbers!"  
~~~~~  
Vespers of Palermo.

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trict of Virginia.



PREFACE.

1841
Huntley 11-17-43
In publishing this little volume, I have been actuated, principally, by a wish to satisfy the importunities of a few partial friends, who have discovered, (whether through the medium of favorable prejudices, or with the sagacity of literary critics, the reader must determine,) something worthy of preservation among the fragments with which I have sometimes amused them at my own fireside.

These fragments were written at different periods, and, with the exception of a few poems, have never been presented to the public.

Should it appear that some of them are tinctured with sectional prejudices, I can only offer one reason for it, viz: that *I am a Virginian!!*

It has also been noticed by some friends to whom I have submitted the manuscripts for examination, that I have ignored all American poets, in making selections for mottoes. To this, I can only say, that, from my earliest years, I have adored British poetry; and if Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Pope, and Southey, or the heart-

touching Mrs. Hemans, or the impassioned Miss Landon, have been selected as mediums to convey, in a concentrated form, ideas, upon which I have endeavored to found a poem or a chapter, it may be attributed to my early reading, rather than to any premeditated design.

Southern by birth—Southern in sentiment, education, and interest—*my book is Southern, too—*

“And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.”

To the free-born citizens of the South, then, I commit the work. To them it remains to say, whether Southern genius and Southern enterprise, even though it be of an humble and unpretending character, shall meet with such encouragement as to stimulate Southern authors and publishers to attempt something which may reflect credit upon themselves, and their native land; and thus, “the stone which has been set at naught by the builders” as unfit for use, possessing merit to them unknown, may be discovered among the rubbish of the temple, and “become the head of the corner.”

J. DOUGLAS THORNTON.

NORFOLK, VA., MAY 15, 1868.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHORRONESSEE.— <i>A Tale</i> , in prose.....	9
ESTHER, OR LOVE AND GRATITUDE—a tale.	93
in three parts.—Part I.....	95
Part II.....	114
Part III	135
SONGS OF THE AERONAUTS.— <i>A Revery</i>	151
To Esmeralda.....	157
To Sappho.....	159
To Rosalie.....	161
To the Same.....	162
The Last Page	163
Tempus Fugit.....	165
Lines addressed to Egeria, on being presented with a Flower which she had just taken from her bosom.....	166
To Erinna	167
To Esmeralda	168
To Egeria—From Prison.....	169
A Fragment.....	170
To My Sister India.....	172
To Esmeralda	173
Love Renewed.....	174
Buried Hopes.....	175
The Spirit's Return—Inscribed to Sis. Mary.....	176
To Egeria---From Prison.....	177
Since the War.....	177
The Suicide	181
For an Album.....	183
For an Album	183

	PAGE.
For an Album.....	184
An Autumn Song.....	185
To Girls Who Have Albums.....	186
Impromptu, To a Young Lady on Returning Her Lost Watch-key.....	187
Written in an Album---To Ellen	187
Written in an Album---To Miss Eva W***** of E*****.....	188
To a Lazy Young Lady, on Presenting Her with a Tatting Needle.....	189
Hopes Renewed---To my Friend Temp'e B.....	190
To Nellie.....	191
The Invocation.....	191
Impromptu, in Reply to a very Dear Lady-friend, who asked me, "If I ever prayed for her?".....	193
Warm and Cold.....	194
The Old Man to His Long Absent Daughter.....	195
To Egeria.....	197
Forsaken	198
To my Wife.....	198
On the Return of a Friend who has been Long Absent..	199
To an Unknown Lady-friend.....	199
To a Friend.....	200
Smiles on the Face of a Dear Friend.....	200
Submission in Bondage.....	201
At Parting.....	201
To One Unknown.....	202
Heavenly Aspirations.....	203
Friendship	203
Letter, to My Daughter at College---In Reply.....	204
Constancy	205
The Contrast.....	209

CHORRONESSEE.



CHORRONESSEE.

"In truth they were a formidable foe;
* * *
Crafty, deceitful, murderous, merciless:
Yet with heroic qualities endued.—*Southey*.

INTRODUCTION.

The inspirations of authors take tone and color from the character of the scenes among which they are produced. A book, a bird, a tree, a river, a mountain, a field of corn, a cloud, a star, all these possess indivisible influences; and dull, and cold, and insensible, must be that heart which has never felt the operations of a "magic spell" emanating from one or other of these sources.

And thus it is that we converse with the inanimate objects of nature: The author is but the medium between the sentient and the insensible; and is ever listening to the voices of the winds and the waves, and holding communings with the invisible spirits that accompany every object of God's creation.

I was never more strongly impressed with the

propriety of these reflections than in 1858, while taking a fishing excursion up Nottoway river, in the county of Sussex, Virginia. The rivers in eastern Virginia differ very much from those in the central and western part of the State, and in nothing, more than in the silent calmness with which they glide along. There are no falls, no sudden windings, no rocky bluffs, to impede the waters and create a tumult among the waves, which roll along noiselessly, but unceasingly, like the current of time, leaving no visible footprints, yet never retrograding, never pausing, till they are commingled with the eternal ocean.

My guide possessed a good deal of common sense, yet but little of what novelists would style romance, and poets would call imagination.—“There,” said he, pointing to an opening in the bank, produced by the action of the waters in time of a *fresh*, “I once killed a very fine deer, which the dogs had chased all day, and just at night he swam across and hid himself among the grass that fringes the stream: I glimpsed his horns as I was passing by in my canoe, and, with one lick of my oar, killed him.”

Another spot he pointed out as a favorite resort of wild turkeys; and still another as excellent hunting for squirrels. At length he directed my attention to a very elevated portion of the north-

ern bank of the river, and said it was "the old Indian settlement." Struck with this, for I was not aware that such a place could be recognized in the county where I had always lived, I asked to go on shore, and soon found myself standing among the ruins of an Indian village. No relics of their wigwams remained, it is true; but the sites where they had stood, the walks that conducted to each, the forms in which their gardens had been cultivated, and the walk, (wider than all the rest,) that led to a very fine spring of water, left no room to doubt that this had once been the residence of some chief of that unfortunate race of men; and as I followed my guide down a narrow walk, now overgrown, like all the others, with shrubbery, and covered with leaves, we came to what had once been a burying place. The graves, (not all in the same direction,) indicated that it was not a graveyard for white people. As I stood, looking at these mementoes of the departed, I found my mind reverting to those lines that form a part of that most beautiful, by far, of all English compositions, "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard:"

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:
But knowledge to their eyes, her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

I know not how far I might have indulged in this train of reflection, had not my guide put all my speculations to flight, by asking if I did not think "money might be buried there?" Thus brought back to the things of this world, and particularly to that worst hardener of hearts, *money*, I hurried away from the scene, and bidding my guide jump in the canoe, we were soon out of sight of "the old Indian settlement."


My guide, perceiving me abstracted, yet never divining the cause, offered to relate the history of the last chief who lived at the old settlement; and it is his story, related however in my language, with which I propose to divert the reader's mind, pledging myself for the truth of the statement already made, and begging the reader's allowance for the probability of those which are to come.

CHAPTER I.

"There sat the gentle savage of the wild,
In growth a woman, though in years a child,
As childhood dates within our colder clime.
* * * * *
Dusky, like night—but night with all her stars."—*The Island*.

On a fine day in the early part of April, 17—, a beautiful girl was seated on the root of a large birch tree, the branches of which were swayed backward and forward by the wind, and some of the lower ones occasionally dipping into the stream which flowed along placidly beneath their shade. She was dressed in neat, but simple and yet picturesque costume. On her head she wore a sort of turban or cap, of which the smaller quills of the duck and some very delicate blades of grass formed the principal materials. A sort of dressed leather, of a light buff color, protected the entire person from the waist to the feet, (which were encased in moccasins made of beads,) and being made full about the hips, left the wearer very much at liberty in motion. A kind of coat or jacket completed the costume, and being cut to fit as closely to the body and shoulders as the trousers were loose, served to set off to advantage the admirable proportions of the bust and arms. The variety of beautiful tints that displayed themselves in the sunbeams, as the girl changed

her position, was produced by a nice admixture of the feathers of various birds, the scales of fish, and a few glass beads of divers colors, all attached to the soft skin of which the inner portion of the jacket consisted. Her black hair fell in untaught tresses down to her waist, and emitted a stream of light almost equaling in brightness those emanating from the feathers that composed her jerkin. She held in her hand a fishing pole, and seemed to be successful, often throwing back into the stream such fish as were too small to tempt her avarice or her appetite; for she was engaged in providing a dinner for the family. She was an Indian princess—a daughter of the great Nantaw-eagh, who lived at the village on the northern bank of the river which bore his name—and had been sent out to catch some fish for dinner in honor of Mr. Sidney St. Real, who had promised to dine with them on that day: (it being considered the highest mark of honor they could confer on a stranger for him to be served by the hands of one of their royal children.) At length the beautiful Chorroneessee (whose name, being interpreted, implies “a heart formed to love,”) arose from her mossy seat, collecting her scaly captives on the forked twig of a birch, which she cut for the purpose, departed for the village, singing an Indian song, which, in English, might run thus:



CHORRONESSEE'S DREAM.

Last night I had a dream :
I thought a lovely star
Shone on me with a gentle beam,
And wooed me from afar ;
And as its pale and silvery light
Fell on my dazzled eyes,
I rose on wings of pure delight
And soared towards the skies .

When I had almost closed
My bright, ærial way,
Another star was interposed,
Obstructing every ray .
A cloud was swiftly passing by,
Borne on the whirlwind's breath,
I seized it, with dilating eye,
And quenched both stars in death .

One moment o'er me swept
A feeling of regret ;
I laughed, although I could have wept,
To think those stars had set .
Ah ! who can understand
What his own mind creates ?
But visitors from spirit land
Oft whisper us our fates .

Such were the sentiments of a wild Indian girl, reared among the trackless forests of a savage country ; (trackless, except by the footsteps of her own dark tribe and the wild animals that they hunted) ; improvised as they were uttered, and though devoid of both metre and rhyme, (for these have been supplied in the translation above,) yet possessing both imagination and tenderness of thought, for which we often look in vain in more finished compositions.

The old chief was at the door of his wigwam smoking his pipe and watching, with much interest, the proceedings of a group of his own race, who surrounded a young European of a fine countenance and figure. The youth was Sidney St. Real, who was explaining to the astonished Indians the structure and use of a gun, which he held in his hand and was preparing to shoot at a mark placed thirty or forty paces distant. Just as he was taking aim at the mark, a flight of wild ducks appeared in sight, startled from the river by the approach of Chorroneessee returning from her fishing excursion, and, in a second, two or three arrows went whizzing through the air, bringing down as many of the ducks. St. Real, after all the arrows had been sped, leveled his gun and brought down three of the fugitives at the same time that the savages uttered a yell of applause at the feat. Young Rowanty, however, did not join in the acclamation, but, throwing down his bow, took his seat, gloomy and apart from the rest, not even going to recover his arrow or the poor drake that lay on the earth transfixed and nearly motionless. This St. Real perceived, and attributing his abstraction to envy, (not of his success, but of the weapon,) he turned to the old man and asked his permission to make a present of the gun to his son, which having obtained,

he approached Rowanty, and taking his hand, begged his acceptance of it, remarking that, now "having seen a specimen of its power, he hoped to persuade him to substitute it for his bow and arrow." The young chief seemed at first more gloomy than before, and his dark eyes flashed fire for a second or two, but old Nah-taw-eagh, his father, nodded in acquiescence of his acceptance of the gift, whereupon he took it, and, before St. Real was aware of his intention, the young Indian had kissed the hand that offered it. Chorronee, coming up at the same time, was presented by him as his sister. Soon after, the old chief bade all in to eat, and with much ceremony St. Real was allowed to satisfy an appetite that had been augmented considerably by the savor of the fish and other game that had been cooking at a few yards distance. The fair, or rather the *brown* Chorronee made it her especial duty to serve St. Real with such as she considered the best of the feast, and also occasionally offered him water in a leathern gourd or pouch. At length the dinner was over; the pipe had been smoked as a renewal of the treaty of peace between old Nah-taw-eagh and his guest, and St. Real took his leave, promising to come over the river again in a few days and join the young men in a hunt.

Having crossed the river, he was quietly walking along its bank, delighted with the concourse of sweet sounds overhead and the gentle gurglings of the water at his feet. Newly arrived from the Old World, the vast grandeur of the forests, the various beauties of the greensward on which he was treading, (his footsteps falling as silently as when on the velvet carpets that covered his halls in England,) so completely absorbed his mind that he did not perceive the tall form of an Indian warrior that arose before him, and stood calmly awaiting his nearer approach. The Indian was clad in the wild costume of a warrior chief, and armed with a gun which was leveled at the breast of the young Englishman. Startled, at length, by the sound of the Indian's voice commanding him to "prepare to die," (which was uttered in broken English, for St. Real did not understand more than a few words of the aboriginal tongue,) he was still more astonished when, upon looking up, he recognized Rowanty, and saw that the weapon leveled at his breast was the same that had been, that very day, presented by him to the young chief. Endued with genuine courage, had St. Real possessed the smallest weapon of defence he would doubtless have entered upon a conflict with the young Indian; but, being entirely in his power, he stopped, and, folding his arms upon his

breast, eyed the chief with a look in which contempt and regret seemed mixed. Not a word was spoken for a second, when the warrior, reversing the gun, approached St. Real and offered it to him. As the youth was about to decline taking it, he perceived in the fork of a beech tree over their heads, a panther in the act of springing upon Rowanty; and, seizing the weapon, fired upon the ferocious animal as he made a flying leap at his intended victim, the huge jaws of the savage monster foaming with agony and rage, as he fell to the ground, and lay weltering in blood at the feet of the Indian brave.

"Thou art worthy to be the brother of Rowanty," said the chief at length, "for thou art as brave as the eagle that Rowanty worships: I have tested thy courage and thou shalt test mine. Take the weapon, if you will, and inflict on me, in reality, that punishment which I but seemed to intend to execute on thee."

"Since such only was thy intention, brave Rowanty," replied St. Real, "let us from this day be brothers, and I will pledge you this ring for the sincerity of my profession," and he took from his finger a gold ring with an emerald set and put it upon the finger of the warrior. "Should I ever, at any future time, find myself in danger of violating this bond of friendship," continued he,

"the sight of that trinket shall remind me that *we are brothers.*"

"And I," said Rowanty, "offer this string of beads in return; and I swear by the eagle which we worship, that be the future as it may, under whatever circumstances I behold this necklace, I will rescue the owner, around whose neck I now place it, from all impending danger, or perish with him."

Saying this, he fastened the string of beads around St. Real's neck, who bowed his head for the purpose. And thus was formed a brotherhood between the civilized and the savage, while the trees around and the river near, were the witnesses; and the now stiffened corpse of the panther, whose blood had cemented the tie of friendship, lay extended between them.

"We shall meet soon, my brother," said Rowanty, after a moment or two, and springing into his canoe which was moored at the shore, he darted away with the ease and almost with the elegance of the wild ducks that were gliding along at some distance before him. St. Real hurried home, and sent down to have the panther brought back, the manner of whose death and the incidents connected therewith afforded subject for conversation during the remainder of the day.

CHAPTER II.

“And such is nature’s law divine, that those
Who grow together, cannot choose, but love,
If faith or custom do not interpose,
Or common slavery mar what else might move
All gentlest thoughts.”—*Revolt of Islam*.

There is a period in the history of all women, (with an occasional exception), when the manners of the child are exchanged for those of the woman. The thoughts, the objects of pursuit, the wishes, the sentiments of propriety, are changed; indeed, the entire being undergoes a complete transformation, and what would be deemed “sweet simplicity” in a girl of thirteen, would be considered “artful boldness” in one of fifteen years. To this rule Kate May formed one of the exceptions. She was just arrived at the age of fifteen years, yet her manners had undergone no change since her earliest childhood. Artless as the dew-drop that glittered on her favorite rose, the dew-drop through whose pure crystal orb all eyes can penetrate, she was scarcely less beautiful than the rose itself, when just expanding into its first blush of loveliness. The bloom of health and youth, the glow of happiness and mirth were blended in her cheeks, while a witching smile that lurked about her mouth, and a mischievous twinkle of her blue eye, made her almost irresistible. Add to these

her graceful figure and the ease and elegance that characterized her slightest motion, and her picture will be sufficiently drawn for all the purposes of the present scriptures.

Her cousin, Sidney St. Real, had but lately arrived from England, where most of his life had been spent; and having completed his education was awaiting some favorable opportunity to begin life as a man. He had qualified himself for the practice of medicine, and was spending a few months with his uncle and guardian, John Southall May, Kate's father, previous to his departure for a more northern latitude, where he might expect to meet with brighter prospects than in the thinly settled neighborhood of his uncle. It is not deemed necessary to go into a description of Kate's father, who was a large, red-haired, money-seeking, Indian-hating, savage looking sort of man, about fifty years of age. Nor of her mother, who was as opposed to him in everything, except so far as her duty as his wife dictated, as night is to day. Indeed, she was aristocratic in her lineage, but the fortune of her family had all been lost in a voyage to America, when she was just arrived to a marriageable age; and Mr. J. Southall May, in a fit of passion and pride, (for both urged him to propose the alliance), obtained the hand of the elegant, refined and highly educated Emily St.

Beal, who found herself at once the mistress of great wealth and the wife of a barbarian. She was not happy, but she was quiet, and this quiet would soon settle into contentment. She had never seen one to whose image her thoughts would revert and thereby cause her to institute a comparison between such a one and her husband. To make some amends for this patience in such a trying situation, her husband really adored her, and the birth of the little Kate, who was precisely like her in features, and, as she grew up in form, rendered her life one of hope, if not of happiness: Hope, not for herself, but for her first-born, the gentle Kate.

The death of a boy, who was two years younger than Kate, had cast a deeper shadow over her face than it had worn hitherto; but the vivacity of her remaining child would sometimes dispel even that gloom and give birth to a smile, lovelier because evanescent.

The cousins were inseparable. They walked together, rode together, sang together, read together, and *fished* together. Let not the fastidious belles of the present time smile at this; for Kate May, seated on the gnarled root of some "rugged elm," with a fishing rod in her hand, presented a picture far more lovely than is seen in the wan and sallow features of the "belle of

the ball " on the day after a night of gaiety, the paint washed off from the cheek and the eye sunken and discolored by excessive sleep, deleterious to health by the sleeper's inhaling the noxious perfumes of some half-withered flowers composing a bouquet presented by some coxcomb on the evening before, and now lying neglected on the toilet table; while Kate was up with the sun planting roses (of health) on her cheeks and watering them with the dews of affection and praise.

More acquainted with the ways of the world than Kate, indeed, partially initiated into the mysteries of society, St. Real was startled, surprised and confounded by the artless conduct of the simple child of the wilderness. He looked in vain for the deceitful smile that he had met with in the circle of English society, and which, "like an easy glove, goes on and off at pleasure." He met, in its stead, an ingenuous glance of the eye; and whenever she spoke he perceived that her words came, not from the brain, but fresh and pure from the heart. By degrees he began to perceive that her society was becoming necessary to him; and, at last, he discovered that he was in love with her. Without any intention of saying it, he nevertheless did say it next day, while they were taking a horseback ride along a sequestered glen. And in the solitude of that de-

lightful spot, surrounded by tall trees and waving shrubbery, did these two lovers plight their faith to each other, while the birds sang joyous epithalamiums overhead, and the fishes sported along the stream that gurgled at their feet, often uprising entirely above the crystal surface of their native element, and instantly disappearing beneath its rippling waves.

Meantime, as the moments passed, St. Real conceived the design of educating the young chief Rowanty and his sister, the beautiful Chorrónesse. To advance this scheme, he had often invited Rowanty to visit him at his uncle's, but without success. He had, however, better luck with the princess, who had become a frequent visitor at "Southall;" named, as the reader will readily suppose, in honor of its owner.

"Shall I," said the gloomy Rowanty, in answer to St. Real's earnest wish that he would go home with him, "shall I become a guest where my ancestors held undisputed authority; and would you make me so humble as to eat the bread of one who should be asking it at the hands of my father? No; the fire is indeed quenched that once warmed the hatred of my tribe against the pale faces of yours, but it only smoulders in the breast of Rowanty; and except yourself, my brother, there breathes not, in all the world, one

single pale face whose blood would not be an acceptable sacrifice to the son of old Nah-taw-eagh;" and as he spoke these words he disappeared into the depths of the forest, as if pursued by the furies of remorse as well as those of hatred.

With Chorroneessee, it was quite different; and as she began to be accustomed to the conventionalities of society she evinced a desire to become acquainted with books, and the delightful task of instructing her docile mind was divided between St. Real and the fair Kate, whose father would, however, take frequent occasions to caution the young couple against the hypocrisy of the "brown scoundrels."

It being a matter understood, though not often alluded to, that St. Real was to take up his future residence at Southall, at least until the consummation of the marriage of the young couple, which was deferred to the end of the year, it became necessary for him to take a journey, of a few days, to Jamestown, in order to procure a professional outfit, some additional clothing and some books: and saluting all gaily on the morning of his departure, and giving a sly kiss to Kate, for which he received a good fillip of her finger in return, he set out alone, armed with his gun and a good conscience.

For a few days after his departure the house

was dull and silent. A general gloom seemed to pervade the minds of all; but the usual avocations of the family soon restored apparent contentment. And only in numbers like the following, whispered at midnight by the youthful and love-sick Kate, could one perceive that a shadow had passed over the inhabitants of Southall :

TO AN ABSENT LOVER.

I watch our quiet river
That sings along its way,
Yet pauses not, and never
Can deviate or stray.

I watch its calm, unruffled tide,
And as its waters gently glide
By flow'rets kissed on either side,
It cannot—will not stay.

I watch the pale moon sailing
Along its heavenly way.
Each trembling starlight paling
Before its mellow ray.

And tho' the planets, one by one,
And though the all-absorbing sun
Should interpose, it saileth on,
And cannot—will not stay.

My thoughts are like that river
That glides toward the sea;
And like that moon which ever
Floats to eternity :

Tho' flowers of love should bid them stay,
Tho' stars of love shine to betray,
Still to the goal my thoughts will stray,
Still to their idol—*thee*.

CHAPTER III.

THEKLA.—“ * * * * Please you accept
A small memorial of this hour. Now go !”
—*Death of Wallenstein.*

Day after day glided by, and at length several weeks were dissolved into the nothingness of the past. The flowers of spring had been exchanged for the unripe fruits of summer, and these were beginning to assume the ruddy blushes of autumn, and yet no tidings were received at Southall of the wanderer.

The fear of distressing Kate had prevented Mrs. May from expressing the doubts she entertained regarding the young man's welfare; and the extreme selfishness of Mr. May left him little room for uneasiness on account of others. Kate had none to sympathize with her in her uncertainty except the Indian princess Chorroneessee, who, being a constant inmate at Southall since Kate had undertaken her education, had acquired a fluency of speech in the English language equally accurate and astonishing. Nay; so rapid had been her progress under her fair instructress that she could readily write a note in good English, or read one written by another. Yet, between the two girls there seemed to exist a sort of distrust, or rather a reserve, (natural on the

part of Kate, since her engagement with St. Real,) whenever his name was mentioned; yet unaccountable in the princess, who had appeared to like him and his society very much, previous to his departure. The reader will readily understand this, when he is informed that St. Real's kindness to the simple daughter of the forest had been, by her, misconstrued into something dearer than friendship, and had produced, without his being aware of it, a burning return in the breast of her whose very name implied "a heart formed to love." Of this, however, Kate had no suspicion. She never reflected on the possibility of having a rival in her unsophisticated pupil; and although her attempts to converse on this subject with Corrie (as she had abbreviated the name of the Indian girl) were always unsuccessful, she did not fail, occasionally, to introduce it.

It was on the day after one of these scenes, in which Kate had occupied the position of speaker, that she had walked out, and seated on the bank of the river and surrounded by shrubbery that concealed her entirely from view, was ruminating on the fate of her betrothed. While thus engaged, her head reclining on her arm, that lay extended along the branch of a stooping sycamore, she fell into a sort of unconsciousness of surrounding objects. She was not asleep; but her mind,

roaming over the vast forests in search of St. Real, withdrew her attention from the outer world and produced a kind of lethargy, from which she was, however, presently aroused by voices very near her. Startled, yet afraid to move, she was obliged to become a listener to the following conversation :

“Have I the power of the Great Spirit, that you think I can find the path of my pale-faced brother? The wolf marks the steps of his flight with the blood of the hare, but the eagle soars towards the sky in his pride and leaves no trace behind him. My brother is like the eagle ; how shall I find his way ?”

“The hawk is seen and forgotten ; but when the eagle passes by, all say, ‘Behold ! there sails the king of birds.’ Even thus it is with the yellow-haired chief; and you shall ask, as you go along, ‘which way he turned his steps?’”

“But wherefore, maid of the tender heart, (and mind you tell me truth), wherefore is it aught to you whether he return or not?”

This question, put by Rowanty to Chorroneesee, (for the reader will already have recognized the colloquists), together with a slight smile, which the Indian girl understood and feared, would, in a girl of our race, have elicited some token by which the heart’s secret would be exposed. But

not a muscle of the face, not a glance of the eye, not a flush of the cheek, gave the least insight to the feelings that were prompting that Indian girl's heart. She knew every inch of the ground that she must pass over to accomplish her object. She had calculated every obstacle and danger, and was prepared. For the question just demanded of her by her brother she had her answer ready: •

"The pale-faced maiden is kind to me; and shall I receive kindness and not repay it? The chief is her heart's delight. She droops like a flower in the shade. The fair-haired chief is the light of her life. Do you ask me *now* 'wherefore?'"

As Rowanty was about to reply, and, (as Kate thought by his countenance), by a refusal to go, her desire to hear of the fate of St. Real divested her of all fear, and rushing wildly from her ambush she fell at the feet of the Indian warrior, and looking up enthusiastically into his face, on which were blended astonishment and admiration, whispered, "Will you not go?"

That spell charmed him—that glance endued the heart of the savage with the softness of a woman's; and, as he raised her from the ground, the touch of that hand as it rested for a moment on the brawny arm of the barbarian, wrought an electrical thrill through his frame that he had never felt till then.

"I will go," he said, "but would fain bear a charm about me, not to ward off danger, but to keep me in eternal remembrance of this, the happiest hour that has ever smiled on Rowanty."

She gave him a small heart of gold transfixed with an arrow and suspended by a silken cord from her neck ; and as she placed it around that of the chief, "Go," cried she, "my brave Rowanty, and remember that you carry with you the wounded heart of a grateful maiden."

This she said, alluding, probably, to the talisman she had just given him ; but her words might have been construed as if meant for an assurance to Rowanty that he carried *her own* heart, which was wounded, and, by inference, with love for him. Whichever of these she did mean, we will not now stop to inquire, but content ourselves with pursuing the story, which leads us now to other scenes, pausing only to say that Rowanty turned away without another word, and the two maidens, arm-in-arm, wended their steps to Southall, where a kind of confidence sprung up between them, very sweetly contrasting with their former reserve. And not till long after midnight did they close their eyes for sleep, having spent the time in descanting on the merits of the two young men ; Chorroneesee praising, with all her native eloquence, the absent St. Real,

while Kate was equally enthusiastic in commendation of the "noble Rowanty."

CHAPTER IV.

" * * * * Thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy."—*Merchant of Venice*.

" * * * * Rise, let me loose thy chains.
Arise, and follow me; but let thy step
Fall without sound on earth: I have prepared
The means for thy escape "—*The Vespers of Palermo*.

At several leagues to the southeast of the scenes in our last chapter, yet bordering on the same stream of water, lived a tribe of Indians called "Assamoosics." They were a fierce and vindictive portion of a fierce and vindictive race; yet, unlike many of the other Indian tribes, having no redeeming traits of character: for to their cruelty they added treachery and cunning; and were, withall, one of the most cowardly tribes of the aborigines. They had made no progress in civilization, but had done all they could to prevent its approach; and had murdered several of their own people for attempting to introduce some trifling article of household usefulness, besides burning at the stake the unfortunate manufacturers of such whenever they could lay their hands on them.

They were, however, a fine-looking branch of the Indian race. The women were fair, compared with the females of some other tribes, and the men tall and graceful in their motions. Dif-

fering in their sentiments so widely from the Nah-taw-eaghs, they entertained the most violent hatred towards that tribe, and let no opportunity pass, by which they could do them harm.

By one of those very mysterious influences that guide us all, both civilized and savage, Rowanty fell into the hands of these barbarians, having been surprised and captured as he was walking along the bank of the river, on his pilgrimage in search of St. Real. He made a desperate and almost successful resistance when he found himself attacked by his hereditary enemies, and killed two of the savages before he was captured, shooting the first one dead with the gun given him by St. Real, and piercing the second to the heart with a knife that he carried for dressing his game while on hunting excursions. This last one, however, in the act of falling, clutched Rowanty's knees, and the brave chieftain was thrown down and overpowered by odds before he could regain his feet. With shouts and death-songs did they now escort the prisoner to the village of their chief, goading him sometimes as he faltered along his way, and reviling him with every epithet that Indian malice could dictate, and savage tongues pronounce.

Rowanty seemed not to understand their language, though, in reality, he did; for it differed

but little from his own : but with that patience which had been taught him from childhood, he dragged himself along, leaving a bloody track at every footfall, yet giving no indication that he either suffered or felt.

At last they reached the Indian village, where the chief of the Assamoosics dwelt ; and their presence was greeted, with savage yells, that seemed to rend the very sky. The chiefs are assembled in council—Rowanty is brought before them—he is told his doom by the old chief :

“Thou hast dared to make thy path across our hunting-grounds—thou branch of a hateful tree—Thy life must pay the penalty. To-morrow, at sunrise, thou shalt die. But do not droop or fear. Art thou of that boastful tribe that use big words, and yet, when death cometh, fearest to meet it? Nay then, thou shalt have company on thy way ; and company fit for such as thou : even a pale-faced dove, a fair-haired chief of other lands. Thou worshippedst the *eagle* ere now—henceforth let the *dove* be thy Great Spirit, and a short worship shall the dove receive ; for to-morrow you both shall die. I have spoken.”

At the beginning of this speech, Rowanty, who expected instant death, gave no sign ; but towards the conclusion of it, when mention was made of a ‘fair-haired chief’ of other lands, he

thought of the object of his journey, and wondered, 'could this be St. Real'! At this reflection, a pang shot across his breast; for Kate, as he had seen her for the first, last, and only time, arose to his mind's eye, and the agony of a thousand deaths was concentrated in the reflection that he could not return to her successful, from his enterprise. But "the wolf dies in silence, and, not in vain, had such example been given."

He was hurried away by the throng of Indians, who seemed to fear him, unarmed and bound as he was, and placed in a cabin on a damp floor, without anything to eat, and deprived of the use of every limb, by cords of rawhide. He was left alone, with the exception of one young Indian warrior, who took his seat, at a distance, to watch. And truly, he seemed to gloat over his victim with great satisfaction. He appeared, however, rather restless as the night advanced, and would go, occasionally, to the door, as if in expectation of some one. At last, he was not disappointed: a low murmur at the door was replied to by himself from within, and immediately one entered. Rowanty, observing this addition to his guard, was surprised to see that the new comer was a female; and the light falling full on his face at that instant, he was still more surprised to see her start, as if filled with some emotion.

The young Indian sentinel, intent on making himself agreeable to his sweetheart, (for such she was, and had brought him some roast meat for supper, knowing it would devolve on him to sit up this night) turned the torch-light full on the face of Rowanty, so that she might get a good view of one whose name was already formidable among the Assamoosics. She appeared to take but little notice of the captive, however, and, after a few minutes, prepared to go.

"Is Altaoni a reptile, that Oulinda avoids him?" said the young chief, in reproach at her departure.

"Oulinda's steps are watched," said she, "but she will come again, and bring a cordial for the young Altaoni." Saying this, she vanished.

The Indian lover, his mistress now gone, fell to what he loved, perhaps, more than his fair betrothed, viz: the supper she had brought him. Ere he had finished his meal, the same signal once more admitted the industrious Oulinda, who brought this time a pouch of some liquid, which Altaoni seized and drained at a single gulp. For a minute he seemed to be unsteady; before another minute had passed, he was on the ground, still, and apparently dead. To seize the knife he wore, and cut the thongs that held the prisoner, was the work of but a moment; to place his identical

gun and knife in his hands, took but a second or two more, and, binding the form of the insensible chief with the cords that had lately held the now astonished Rowanty, the fair Oulinda commanded him to "rise and follow." Rowanty, who had heard the groans of some one in the room adjoining him, refused to stir till the pale-face was set free. This obstinacy seemed to amaze and puzzle the girl; but darting out, she soon returned, and, walking behind her, was Sidney St. Real, but oh! how changed! Yet there was no time for words. The lovely Oulinda had used the same drug to stupefy the guard of St. Real that had so well answered its end on the Indian Altaoni. And, without a word spoken, she took the lead towards the river; and, as the two men jumped into a canoe which she showed them, they were not a little surprised, upon looking around, to see that she had disappeared.

It may be imagined that the fugitives did not lose much time in making off from the spot; yet ever, as they glided along, did both find themselves thinking of their friends *at home*; while sometimes, with these thoughts, (at least in the mind of Rowanty) would mingle visions of happiness, yet visions clad in one garb only, and that garb was in the image of Oulinda. Nothing else of importance occurring, the two travellers, in a few

days, found themselves at home, both happy, yet from different causes : St. Real, at finding Kate and his uncle's family well ; but Rowanty because he had fulfilled his promise to the fair girl, and had, in some measure, redeemed his pledge made to St. Real when exchanging tokens on the memorable day on which they swore to be 'brothers.'

CHAPTER V.

"Frailty, thy name is woman."—*Hamlet*.

"She loves—yet knows not whom she loves."—*Lalla Rookh*.

Let not the reader suppose, from the motto placed at the head of this chapter, that it is the intention of the author to enter into a minute philosophical disquisition of the subject indicated.

To relate the facts as they occurred ; faithfully, to point out the effects that were produced by certain operations of the mind of some of the characters introduced to the reader in these pages ; and to pursue the fortunes of these actors in this drama to their crisis, are the sole objects of this history.

Premising this much, I shall return to Southall, and glance at the group that encircled the fireplace on the fifth of October, nearly a month after the occurrence of the events related in the last chapter. This group consisted of Kate, Chorronessee, St. Real, Rowanty, and an Indian boy, who seemed to be about sixteen or seventeen years of age, an unfortunate mute and idiot, whom Rowanty had picked up on the day after his return from the excursion in quest of St. Real, and which came so near terminating in his death. He could communicate with Rowanty by signs. But whence

he came, or to what tribe belonging, Rowanty could not discover, either by his apparel or by signs, which he evidently understood. When Rowanty would attempt to question him in this tedious manner, he would invariably point towards the North, and elevate his hand, implying that his people lived North, and that they were a tall race.

The reader, remembering the sentiments of Rowanty, will be a little puzzled, perhaps, at finding the gloomy chief of the Nahtaweaghs, a visitor at Southall; but the first visit having been paid on his safe return with St. Real, he had gradually fallen into the habit of crossing the river, to inquire of his white brother's health. This habit had now become a daily one; and, sometimes a string of nice fish, and sometimes a haunch of nice venison, borne by the dumb boy, (who was his inalienable companion) made his apparent pretence for the visit.

St. Real was relating some of the incidents of his capture and imprisonment by the Assamoosics, and of his unexpected deliverance by Oulinda, at the instigation of Rowanty. He had recovered his usual good looks, and, apparently, his good spirits. Such, however, was not the fact; for a restless watchfulness of his fair cousin, too plainly intimated some doubt of the fulfilment of her

vows to him, made previous to his departure: but which she had studiously and successfully avoided renewing since his return. Once or twice, on the day after his arrival, he sought an opportunity to converse with her, alone; but could not get it. Their books were unread, or perused by each other in private; their horseback rides, so delightful formerly, were now dispensed with, except on one or two evenings, when Corrie accompanied them, and remained as closely by the side of Kate as her shadow. Even the hours heretofore devoted to mutual instruction of the young Indian princess, were passed by Kate in her own room; while St. Real wandered listlessly up and down, surprised, confounded, heart-broken, at the change in his betrothed. And she, so young, so innocent, so artless, so gentle, so affectionate, seemed to be unconscious that she was inflicting a pang on that noble bosom, and that the silver cord of love, like that of life, could be broken.

While these changes exhibited themselves in the conduct and feelings of two of the principal characters in this history, others, not much less remarkable, began to be displayed in the behavior of the remaining personages whose fortunes we are inditing. The diffident Chorroneessee seemed to have forgotten her reserve, and was becoming quite loquacious; and, speaking and reading

English very well, sometimes interested St. Real by her simplicity, and always gained a smile of encouragement after repeating a lesson to him, as she oftentimes did.

Even the gloomy Rowanty, who was now at the head of his tribe, (his father having gone to the spirit land during his absence in search of St. Real) could sometimes apparently forget the wrongs his race had sustained at the hands of the white men; and, captivated by the voice of Kate as she accompanied her guitar, would watch the countenance of the songstress, and, with lips disparted, seemed to be devouring the words as they were enunciated. While she, flattered by this mark of the young chief's approbation, would exert all the powers with which she seemed so largely endowed; and, enchanted by the sounds which her own sweet self produced, would smile or weep, as the words of the song were lively or pathetic.

There was only one other whom we need mention in this connection, the dumb boy. And all were a little surprised at the effect of Kate's music on this singular creature. He would watch her intently while she was singing, and a strange mixture of idiocy and intelligence would betray itself in his face. Yet, to Kate alone was this operation of the dumb boy's mind at all intelli-

ble. *She* understood the look of hatred that gleamed from his black eye. *She* understood the glance of pity with which that look was mingled; but she knew not the cause why these sentiments should exist; if there were a cause for such feelings. She was, invariably, kind to him, but her kindness was received with disdain; and the malignant leer of the dumb boy's gleaming eye showed to her now startled sensibilities the antipathy with which she was regarded. To no other did his behavior imply anything but idiotic wonder at the sounds of the instrument and the tones of the voice. But to Kate he had now become *an incubus*, a sort of nightmare that pursued her in every dream, and gave tone and coloring to all her waking visions. He had no name, at least, none that any one knew, until Rowanty, whom he seemed to regard with great affection, bestowed on him that of 'Sappony,' which signifies a 'pet or plaything;' a name very suitable for the unfortunate mute, since he had become a necessity to the haughty chief, and was his only pet and plaything.

The following lines, written that night, by Kate, will show somewhat of the feelings that superinduced her reserve to St. Real:

TO ROWANTY.

Within my heart of hearts there lives one name,
One fadeless mem'ry of unchanging faith;
Within my soul there burns one constant flame,
Which cannot be extinguished, *but in death.*

Proud, gloomy man, think not that name is thine,
That changeless faith and mem'ry ever green;
Nor that the flames about my heart that twine,
Are kindled by thy cold and sullen mein.

But I will teach thy haughty soul to bow,
If music hath not lost its magic power;
Teach thee to smooth that discontented brow,
And fondly smile, where thou didst darkly lower.

Yet, art thou noble; and had we but met
Ere my young heart by passion had been moved,
I could have been thine own, without regret;
But now, I triumph where I might have loved.

Thus did the inexperienced Kate resign the possession of a fond and faithful heart for the vain and idle wish to conquer the coldness and pride of a savage Indian, and inflicted a pang on the noble nature of St. Real, who would have suffered a thousand pangs ere he would have conferred one on her.

Thus it is, and thus will ever be, till human nature be changed, and men and women made of some other material besides dirt. The apparent impossibility of obtaining an object creates a desire to get it; and hundreds of the opposite sexes are inveigled into matrimonial connexions which always result in wretchedness, and sometimes in suicide or crime. What, to Kate, will be the

consequence of this estrangement, we will not anticipate; for the end is not yet; but, if the course pursued by Kate, be one worthy of censure, let us hope that with that sentiment will be mingled some feelings of pity; and that to youth and utter inexperience, rather than to a depraved and vicious heart, will be attributed the errors which may have been committed by one who was naturally possessed of a kind, faithful, and generous sensibility.

CHAPTER VI.

"A hungry lean-faced villian."—*Comedy of Errors.*

"And music, too—dear music! that can touch,
Beyond all else, the soul that loves it much—.

* * * * *

All was too much for him, too full of bliss,
The heart could nothing feel that felt not this;
Softened he sunk —————

The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

About this time, in the present history, there appeared a singular character at the Nahtaweagh village, or, as it is now rendered in English, 'Nottoway.'

This specimen of humanity was an Indian of extreme old age, whose snowy locks, and not less snowy beard, gave evidence that they derived their whiteness from the frosts of almost a hundred winters. The hair hung down below the shoulders, and the beard seemed equally as long, and was so thick as to cover, nearly, the entire face.

From amid this wilderness of hair, however, gleamed two eyes of extraordinary brightness, strangely contrasting with the cadaverous look and stooping gait of the fortune-teller, or prophet, for such did the old man represent himself to be.

Besides the art of fortune-telling, or prophecy, he pretended to have the means to prolong life to an indefinite period; as also, to resist the effects

of the most violent poisons. Indeed, he established his reputation among the Nottoways, by the last accomplishment, having permitted a rattlesnake to inflict two or three of its deadly bites on his finger, without sustaining any injury from it.

So great became this man's power among the Nottoways, that he was, at the end of two or three days, second only to Rowanty; and even that bold and daring chief had, at last, yielded to the evidences of superhuman power and wisdom displayed by the old fortune-teller, and was becoming fully convinced that, if he were not the *very* great spirit himself, he was no less than his chosen instrument.

In the confidence of the dumb boy, however, he made but slow progress; and Sappony avoided him whenever he could. But when circumstances threw them into contact, although the fortune-teller seemed to take but little notice of the boy, there gleamed from the eye of the latter, the same deadly glance of hatred that he had sometimes cast on Kate. In answer to Rowanty's inquiry of his birth-place, tribe, &c., he replied that his birth was so far back that he could never ascertain his age; that he had no remembrance of parents, or tribes, having, in the course of his remembrance, visited almost every tribe in the

world, and learned the laws, language, and customs of most of them. He came, he intimated, last, from the banks of a river towards the North called "Appomattox," from a tribe of Indians living on its rocky shore, and was wending his way to the far South, where the pale-faces had not yet stolen all the best hunting grounds; and wound up his harangue by saying he 'intended to remain only a few days, if he might so far encroach on the well known hospitality of the son of his old friend and brother, Nottoway.'

Such being the state of affairs at the village, we will leave Rowanty to take care of his venerable guest, and once more refer to the inhabitants of Southall. The estrangement between Kate and St. Real had now become habitual, but it was, in some degree, balanced in the mind of St. Real, by the society of the princess Chorroneessee, whose sweet simplicity, although it amused, yet, likewise greatly interested the now unemployed mind of the discontented lover. He also possessed knowledge enough of women to consider that, to seem careless and unconcerned about their behavior is the surest way to create a desire in them to please. And accordingly, his attentions to Chorroneessee were more particular than his feelings dictated; and far, far more kind and pointed than was consistent with the future peace

and happiness of the beautiful and susceptible Indian. For while St. Real thought only of renewing, in the heart of Kate, some of those sweet sensations which he had first aroused there, and, by creating a sort of jealousy in the mind of his betrothed towards the simple Indian girl, reinstating himself lord of her affections, all his advances towards the untaught Chorroneessee—all his smiles—all his sly glances given when he deemed himself *observed* by Kate—all these, and a thousand little nameless and insignificant incidents that occur in the lives of all who are thrown continually together, fell with such novel, yet pleasurable and overwhelming weight, on the sensibilities of the poor, trusting, hoping, believing, loving, yet deluded savage, as to kindle in her heart a 'flame of burning love,' and to awaken in her mind emotions that could only change in death, or terminate in fruition, or *hatred*.

Not very different from these were the springs of action that controlled the conduct of Kate. With that woman's instinct that belongs to all classes and climes, to the high-born beauty that reigns supreme over the aristocratic assembly, as well as to the rustic lass of the farm among her uncouth admirers, she knew that 'love grows by slights;' that the easiness with which we obtain an object often detracts from the estimate we

place on it. In short, she had about her some of the ingredients that enter into the mind of a *coquette*.

The difference in *her* motives of conduct and *his*, was, that *he* acted as he did from design, whereas *she* was governed by impulse. Besides, she really entertained for Rowanty a feeling of grateful esteem, for his disinterested services, at her request, in search of St. Real; a feeling greatly enhanced by his narrow escape from death among the Assamoosics. The gloomy reserve that hung about the Indian chief was well calculated to stir up, in a young and romantic mind, a desire to penetrate that reserve; to unveil the mystery that invested that stern, yet noble and generous character; and to animate into passion the cold and unfeeling heart of one who seemed formed only for the bloody scenes of his national warfare, or the more disinterested and ennobling sentiments of friendship and patriotism. And terrible, indeed, was the struggle in the breast of the youthful chieftain. But, whenever the spell of the enchantress Kate would have gained complete mastery over the mind of Rowanty, and the voice of music seemed ready to melt his soul into tenderness and love, by its dissolving sweetness, ever, at such moments, arose to his remembrance the face of one of his own dark race; and the

remembered tones of her voice, and the cautious yet fearless footsteps which he had once so gladly followed, formed a talisman and a monitor which warded off the spell ere it bound him, and whispered into the mind's ear the name of OULINDA.

At such moments he would suddenly arise, and without uttering a farewell, or pausing for the dumb boy, who always accompanied him in his visits to Southall, would dart away with the speed of a deer pursued by hounds, and never pause until he reached his own high bluff on the opposite side of the river. Yet, the power of beauty and music are hard to overthrow, in noble natures, and ere two or three days had glided away, he would again be seated near the lovely, yet, to him, dangerous Kate May, and, while listening to the conciliatory tones of her voice, or thrilling with rapture at the touching and exquisite notes of her guitar, the *talisman* would lose its potency, and if the mind's ear could hear at all, it was in accents soft as an infant's dreams that memory whispered 'OULINDA.'

CHAPTER VII.

" Fate! fortune! chance! whose blindness,
 Hostility or kindness,
 Plays such strange freaks with human destinies,
 Contrasting poor and wealthy,
 The life-diseased and healthy,
 The blessed, the cursed, the witless, and the wise,
 Ye have a master——."—*Horace Smith.*

" * * * Three things a wise man will not trust,
 The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
 And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
 The weathercock upon the steeple-point
 Steady from morn till eve; and I have seen
 The bees go forth upon an April morn,
 Secure the sunshine will not end in showers;
 But when was Woman true?"—*Madoc in Atlan.*

Oh thou uncontrollable fate! that guidest all things to their destiny; whose decrees none can foreknow or foretell; whose hand is upon all for good or for evil; who steered the ship that bore Columbus to the shores of a new world, as well as that which carried the bold Sir John Franklin to the icebergs, where he perished; who directest the electric flash as it shivers the oak, planted centuries before by thine own hand; who guidest opposing armies as they engaged in battle, the one to victory, the other to death. What art thou but the creature of accident? the result of a combination of circumstances? Yet there be some who trace our destinies to an all-directing Providence, a power which pre-ordains our ends; and declare themselves the interpreters of our

fortunes. And there be others who foolishly believe them.

If this be the case at the present day, need we be surprised that such opinions prevailed at the time of our story, nearly two centuries ago? and that, not only the rude and unlettered savages of the wilderness, but the civilized and polished Europeans also, should have become dupes to those who professed the art? St. Real, though skeptical, did not deny the existence of this rare privilege, and (of a curious disposition) embraced with avidity every opportunity that chance afforded to investigate the subject. Hence his permission to the old Indian fortune-teller to come over to Southall and "*tell his fortune*," as well as Kate's, if she wished it.

Soon the venerable old seer made his appearance, in company with Rowanty and the dumb boy, Chorroneessee being already at Southall, which was as much home for her as her own brother's wigwam on the opposite shore.

The old sooth-sayer's language, when expounding his oracles, was always enigmatical, and generally uttered in a kind of metre of which we will give one or two translations.

Kate's future was indicated in the following lines, after the old man had made sundry efforts to see her face, which she covered with one hand,

while he held the other, and pretended to examine its '*right angles, horizontals and perpendiculars*' :

"As glideth the arrow, as glideth the stream,
As glideth the ghost in some fairy dream,
So glideth thy life to its close.
But the arrow may fall ere it reach its aim,
And the torrent run dry in the summer's beam,
And the ghost depart ere we cease to dream.
No more do these lines disclose."

Next Chorroneessee presented her hand, and with the glance of the dark penetrating eye of an enthusiast, the old man pronounced her fate as follows :

"Early death, the fates have said it,
Neither seek it, nor evade it,
An easy, bloodless death,
Thou for others must atone,
Who had no errors of thine own.
Perchance thou may'st not die alone;
No more the prophet say'th."

The face of Chorroneessee gave no token that she was moved at the threatening intimation conveyed in the old man's doggerel ; but had one placed a finger on that bosom, the pulsations of her heart would have betrayed the agitation with which she had listened to the oracle. She turned away in silence, and awaited, with apparent calmness, but much inward interest, the following, which were intended to elucidate the future of one whom she had learned to regard with the feelings of an idolator :

"Twice across thine earthly path,
Stretch the fatal lines of death :
There is one who every day
Watches thee, and will betray,
Should'st thou 'scape him *once*, beware.
I can nothing more declare."

Thus proceeded this venerable looking stranger, giving some few omens less unfavorable; but all his prophecies were of a dark and gloomy character. Even Rowanty, (at whose wigwam he had already become so much revered) shared in his unfavorable vaticinations, and was told to prepare for death and destruction to him and all his people.

Startling as these prophecies were to the rude and uncultivated savages, they produced little less effect on the minds of St. Real and Kate, an effect greatly enhanced by St. Real's vivid recollection of the escape he had made, by the assistance of the disinterested and generous Oulinda, from the hands of the Assamoosics.

But these sensations, although of absorbing interest, did not seem to divert the thoughts that had been prevailing in the minds of all the principal actors in this drama, from the one engrossing subject, *Love*; and the sooth-sayer had hardly re-crossed the river ere his bodings had ceased to be remembered, or, if heard at all, fell on the ear mingled with other sounds, prominent among which might be distinguished the voices of love and passion.

Too easily misled, the deluded Chorroneessee awaited with happy anticipations the formal declaration of love by St. Real, and the gloomy

reserve of Rowanty only heightened into passion, in Kate, that sentiment which was, at first, but an ambition to subdue his stern and unconquerable nature.

But there was one, "the flash of whose dilating eye," as it glared upon the lovely girl, had power to drive away the flush of passion from her cheek, and to substitute therefor the pallor of despair. To others, if observed at all, it seemed but the glance of idiocy; but to Kate, it looked like the eye of deep and malignant hatred. The same glance had oftentimes shone upon the gray-headed fortune-teller of the Appomattox tribe; and, though the power of speech had been denied him, the boy Sappony needed no words to convey to the frightened object of his dislike how much he hated her.

St. Real, whose faithful heart had never swerved from its fidelity to Kate, at last, perceived the effect his conduct was creating in the feelings of the unfortunate Indian princess; but, too late for her peace of mind. He adopted a more distant and ceremonious conduct towards her; he heard no more of her lessons; read no more to her; but silent, solitary and wretched, absented himself from Southall during the day, and only returned to his lodgings after nightfall. Here we have an opportunity to compare the effects produced on

the mind of woman with those produced on the mind of man, by similar circumstances. No sooner did Chorroneessee perceive that she had been deceived in thinking herself the object of St. Real's devotion, than all the demons of hatred and revenge took possession of her soul, and the voice of gratitude was hushed in her torn bosom, and the wailings of a heart thirsting for vengeance drowned the notes of affection, which love kept still faintly whispering to memory; while St. Real, who had received like treatment at the hands of Kate, seated in some solitary retreat, or wandering listlessly along some of their former happy walks, would endeavor to recall every agreeable incident of their past life, and sometimes gave vent to his feelings in strains like these, uttered to the silent woods and streams, where none were by to listen, to sympathize, or to betray:

TO KATE.

"The dream is past, yet 'twas a blissful dream;
And now, I wonder how I e'er could deem,
That one so innocent as thou must be,
Could ever love, or even think on me.

"It is a blessed privilege to know,
I have been happy, though no longer so;
That *once* the fondest feelings of *thy* heart
Were pledged to me, all changed though *now* thou art.

"And, as the music of the gurgling rills
Is echoed back, by the surrounding hills,

So doth each word, which then thou didst impart,
Find one eternal echo in my heart.

"Yes! once each precious glance of thy dear eye
Would answer mine in looks of fond reply;
And thy soft voice could whisper in mine ear,
Making thee, ah! ten thousand times more dear.

"The startled hare, when flying o'er the lawn,
Pursued by hounds, all wildly hurrying on,
Will double, and each weary step retrace,
Returning to his very starting place.

"And I, by agonizing thoughts pursued,
Fly to those scenes, their footsteps to elude;
Revisit every spot made dear to me,
By hallowed remembrances of thee.

"Yet every idol that I worshipped most,
But calls to mind the treasure I have lost;
And if 'twas *heaven* to be beloved before,
'Tis *hell* to think thou lovest me now no more."

CHAPTER VIII.

"One sole desire, one passion now remains,
To keep life's fever still within his veins,
Vengeance.—*Lalla Rookh*."

The ill-fated Chorroneessee had absented herself for several days from Southall, and dull and dreary had been the time to Kate. St. Real was kind; nay, even more careful to show kindness to the *coquettish flirt* than he had been to extend it to his *betrothed* in the first hours of engagement, But could she accept, without embarrassment, the attentions of one whom she had so egregiously wronged? Could she do so, too, without detriment to the vows she had made in favor of Rowanty? Vows made, it is true, with no witness but her own susceptible heart; unknown even to Rowanty himself, yet made in the earnestness of passion, if not in the holy sincerity of love.

The return of the princess restored, in some degree, the usual routine at the mansion. But it was disturbed by quite a startling occurrence, viz: the sudden death of the proprietor; who, in attempting to cross the river, had his canoe upset, and not being able to disentangle himself from his overcoat, was drowned. This accident shed a gloom on all at Southall, which we will not attempt to disturb, but go to the Indian vil-

lage, and mention some of the occurrences that transpired there in the interim.

The old fortune-teller still loitered around the village, performing wonders to the astonishment of the simple Nottoways, and sometimes even presuming to advise on affairs of government, making his venerable appearance and his long experience a security for the soundness of his opinions. Over Rowanty he had gained a considerable influence; but he seemed to have made much greater advances in the confidence and esteem of Chorroneessee.

She consulted him, of late, on almost all things that interested her, and since her mind had been disturbed regarding the sentiments of St. Real towards her, she had gone to him for advice as well as sympathy. "Blood," cried the seer, "blood is the only atonement for the slight he has put upon my child, and that must be drawn warm his deceitful heart." It was in vain that the unhappy girl (in whose breast the sentiment of love still glowed with all its original fervor, although a desire of revenge had, for the time, disguised it to her own mind) endeavored to intimate some other mode of atonement; for hope had not yet taken its flight forever from that warm, yet unsophisticated heart. Vainly she believed that once having possession of the person

of St. Real, she could recall those sentiments of love in his breast which, she believed, once existed there. But the old prophet refused to encourage her in this hope, reiterating "blood, blood," in reply to all she could say. They were alone, in a dark recess of the woods, whither Chorroneessee had followed him, in order to communicate with him on the subject.

"Swear that you will assist me, my child, even unto the draining of his life-blood, and you shall be avenged," spoke the old hypocrite, in a tone at once insinuating, yet commanding.

"I swear it," replied she, after a terrible mental struggle. "Nay, but swear it by the eagle which you worship," cried he; and his dark eyes emitted a darker flash, and his whole person seemed to be undergoing a most extraordinary excitement. "Swear it by the eagle of your tribe, and also, that you will keep secret whatever I entrust you with, and you shall not only be avenged on the perfidious pale-face, but you shall become renowned among all the neighboring tribes, and the greatest among your own."

Carried away by all the emotions of revenge and ambition, not even perceiving that the old man's words had an allusion to Rowanty, (who was *now* the greatest of his tribe), and subduing every softer feeling of her nature, the unhappy

princess took the required oath. At the same time the appearance of the seer underwent a complete transformation; so sudden that the princess, who had closed her eyes when swearing secrecy, did not discover that the hair and beard usually worn by the vile wretch were hastily concealed under his upper garment. Chorronessee was astonished, bewildered, and overwhelmed. The figure of the silver-headed and bent old man presented a singular contrast with that of the tall, commanding and youthful warrior who stood before her with looks in which love and hatred both seemed blended.

"Be not surprised, maiden," said he, "at what you see. I can assume any form or shape at my will; for, unto one to whom the Great Spirit gives power, these are but faint shadows of the future. All who, like me, are the chosen instruments of his will, to purge the tribes of their evil ones, can do the same. Even yourself, by conforming to his precepts, as taught by me, shall, at no distant day, become one of the elect, and shall live forever in the brightness and bloom of immortal youth. Even now you shall begin the great work. You shall inform Rowanty of the pale-faced chief's treachery, and he shall set his chosen braves to ensnare the villian and bring

him to punishment for daring to refuse the love of his sister."

This last expression, thrown into the speech of the quondam fortune-teller with so much adroitness, had the intended effect; and awakened in her mind all the feelings of vindictiveness that the gentleness of her nature would have lulled into silence, and starting, with a wild eye, she left the place to go in search of her brother; whilst the stillness of night, that slowly approached, was only broken by the indistinct murmurs of the prophet, who had resumed his false beard and hair upon her departure, and was congratulating himself on his success thus far.

"Yes," cried he, enthusiastically, "revenge is sweet, and revenge will soon be mine. I will make Rowanty the instrument of my vengeance on the white man and his fair kinswoman; and Chorroneessee shall be the tool which shall work my revenge on the warrior himself. He dead, she shall be the greatest among her tribe, and she shall be mine." "Ah," pursued he, after a pause, "if I could only discover the retreat of Oulinda! but perhaps she was murdered by those whom she saved. It would be joy to me to know it; for then she would have received the punishment due to her vile treachery."

Altaoni, whom the reader will now recognise in the fortune-teller from the Appomattox, having disguised himself in the manner described, set out soon after the escape of St. Real and Rowanty, determined on revenge, or destruction in obtaining it; and, knowing the tribe of Rowanty, had contrived to enter it unsuspected; and was awaiting, with impatience, some hint respecting Oulinda, by which he could ascertain her whereabouts, previous to his assassination of the unsuspecting chieftian, and the abduction of Chorroneesee; this latter idea had lately taken possession of his ever watchful and wicked mind. He waited, however, in vain; for Rowanty was as ignorant of her fate as Altaoni himself, and indeed, more so, inasmuch as he believed her at home among the Assamoosics.

The unexpected confidence which Chorroneesee had bestowed on him, and the charming appearance of the princess, had drawn him from his impenetrable disguise, and, in a moment of passion, he had betrayed himself; not, however, entirely; for the artless Indian girl believed that he could have assumed any other figure as readily as the one he did take, having no doubt of the truth of his assertions, that he was indeed the chosen instrument of the Great Spirit.

At length, resuming his stooping gait with the rest of his disguise, he slowly retraced his way to the village, on entering which, he perceived Rowanty and Chorroneessee in earnest, yet low conversation; and without pausing or seeming to listen to a single word that was spoken, approached them, and seizing Rowanty's hand, and gazing for a few seconds on its lines, he raised his eyes towards the sky, and repeating the words of St. Real's fortune, as told by him,

"Twice across thine earthly path,
Stretch the fatal lines of death:
There is one who every day
Watches thee, and will betray,
Should'st thou 'scape him *once*, beware.
I can nothing more declare."

retired into his own apartment of the wigwam, leaving Rowanty confounded, and Chorroneessee urging him with all the vehemence of the wildest enthusiast to protect her insulted and slighted person, by destroying them who had been her two best friends and guardians; to one of whom Rowanty had, on a memorable occasion, addressed the term of "brother," and to the other had sometimes looked with the eye of a lover.

CHAPTER IX.

"Remorse."—*Coleridge*.

While all these things were being enacted at the Indian village by the prophet, the princess, and her brother, quite a different state of circumstances existed at Southall; for, at the village all was intriguing, planning, and manœuvring; at Southall all was reserve, restraint and coldness, among the inmates. Kate shut herself up in her mother's room since the death of Mr. May, and St. Real, having all his attention engaged in superintending his uncle's business, did not intrude upon their seclusion.

He felt now, more than ever, the necessity of his acquiring the right to protect Kate; a privilege which he could now exercise but feebly, unless she would become his wife. But her reserve, the studied, habitual, freezing coldness of her manner, whenever they met, struck him dumb in her presence, and thus the schism grew until she seemed to regard him with dislike, and he looked on her with despair.

Ah pride! pride! (not pride of birth, of talents, of beauty, or of wealth), but pride of *will* which said to each of the lovers, 'do not you yield or succumb,' how many fond hearts have you divided!

hearts which having, from some trivial cause, become slightly estranged, needed but one word of kindness and explanation to bring about a reconciliation; hearts which, had that one word been spoken, would have melted again into tenderness and love, and, like the waters in the celebrated vale of Avoca, would have "mingled in peace"!!

Yet, not always was Kate under the influence of this sentiment. Often, in the stillness of night, or at early dawn, ere she had yet risen from her uneasy slumbers, and sometimes at the soft hour of twilight, which is ever the hour for tender thoughts, often at these melancholy hours did the unquiet Kate find her mind filled with some of those "wayward fancies" that flit across the minds of all who have loved and betrayed.

It was while under the influence of feelings like those I have just alluded to, that she wrote the following lines, which serve to show somewhat of the nature of the passions that agitated her, and which had already nearly wrecked her best hopes, and plunged into despair the noble and brave St. Real:

TO ST. REAL.

To weep is vain and fruitless now,
Since tears cannot recall the past;
But I must speak, or else this brow,
That throbs for true love's broken vow,
Will throb its last.

Could my young heart but have foreseen
 One half the anguish 'twould impart,
 Rowanty's cold and gloomy mien
 Had never thrust itself between
 Thee and that heart.

Or hadst thou uttered but one word,
 Or cast one soft imploring look,
 This blow had never been conferred,
 Nor I have, righteously, incurred
 Thy just rebuke.

But, wrapped in thine own tow'ring pride,
 Thou wouldst not deign to look or speak,
 And now, my bosom strives to hide
 The feelings which this heart divide;
 Would it could *break*.

And it *shall* break, ere I will kneel,
 Or let thee know the tears it cost ;
 And " fiends might pity what I feel " *
 To see thee, hear thee, love thee still,
 Yet know thou'rt lost.

Time continued its flight, and two days more had passed away ere anything unusual took place at Southall. On the third, St. Real, filled with despair, and tortured by memories of the past, found himself seated on the rustic bench which he had, in happier days, constructed beneath some thick embowering grape-vines and yellow jessamines that grew wild on the bank of the river, and which, although shorn of all their fragrance, by the frosts that were now frequent, yet served all the purposes for which the unhappy lover now sought its covert, viz : solitude, and retrospection of past happiness.

* The author is not unmindful that Byron lived at a much later period than that assumed for the story. The anachronism will, it is hoped, be pardoned by the generous reader.

It was Indian summer ; that soft and delicious atmosphere which is the harbinger and attendant of that delightful period of the year, was sighing gently through the entangled branches that sheltered the sad and thoughtful young man, and infused into his soul some of the awful composure which is sometimes characteristic of great minds when doomed to suffer much, and has been styled by Byron "the sullen calmness of despair."

There was a gentle, unceasing murmur of bees overhead, gathering a scanty reward for the risk of venturing out at so late a period of the year ; and a chirping of crickets hid in the turfy recesses at the feet of the pensive lover, besides various other sounds and sights to attract attention ; but, brooding on the prospects before him, looking occasionally back at the circumstances of the past, and oftentimes glancing in thought towards the dim and shadowy future, St. Real heard not, saw not, felt not, any of the sounds, sights, or objects that surrounded him. Wholly withdrawn from the *world without*, he was undergoing an awful ordeal in the *world within*. Those sentinels, the five senses, that are bestowed on man for self-preservation, had forsaken their posts, and were the silent witnesses of the struggles that were going on in that agonized and tortured mind.

So entirely had the unhappy young man withdrawn himself from outward objects, that stealthy footsteps approached, and curious eyes peered into the covert where he sat, nay, not only looked in, but entered, and strong arms bound the astonished lover, blindfolding and gagging him, before he could collect his energies sufficiently to resist, or make the least effort at defence. He was hurried away in silence, and soon felt himself placed in a canoe, and heard the gentle plash of the oars, as he left the shore, bound, like all the human race, on an unknown voyage to an unknown goal.

CHAPTER X.

"This is my home again! Once more I hail
The dear old gables and the creaking vanes;
It stands all flecked with shadows in the moon,
Patient and white and woful; 'tis so still
It seems to brood upon its youthful years,
When children sported on its ringing floors,
And music trembled through its happy rooms."
—*Alexander Smith.*

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, ——."—*Hamlet.*

Yonder stands the dwelling erected by my father in years before I was born, and bequeathed by him to me. There some of the trees planted by his hand to adorn his residence—the orchards that he set with such precision, and that always repaid his care with their blushing returns. A little beyond these rise the forests, those softly whispering monitors of the past—those enduring witnesses of the present—whose lullabies, made by the sighings of the gentle zephyrs, will soothe in the future, the anguish of many a heart which has not yet begun to throb with the pulsations of infantile existence.

Here, at my feet, beneath this mound covered with grass that wreaths its spiral length in many a fantastic covert for the little grasshoppers which sing out their ephemoral existence here, illustrating the oft repeated maxim, that, 'in the midst of life we are in death'—here, surrounded by the dead and the living, rests all that remains

of my venerable paternal ancestor. My mother's grave is next to it; and many sisters and brothers repose in quiet proximity.

In this sacred and venerated presence, among the unchangeable dead, holding communings only with the departed and my own soul, once more I seize my pen to close '*this strange eventful history.*'

Long months of dreary existence have passed since I paused in my theme, and I have listened since that time to 'the trumpet's clangor and cannon's roar; I have seen the hosts of Northern ruffians extending their devastating marches along the fairest portions of my native State; I have been startled, at midnight, by the appalling cry, "*the Yankees are coming,*" and have stood by the roadside, in the security of darkness, observing their motions and listening to their cursings and yells, which "made night hideous," as they mingled with the neighings of horses, the rumbling of wheels, the roaring of cattle intended for slaughter, and, conspicuous among all, the loud and senseless jargon of the kidnapped slaves flying from their native homes, and from their owners, the only friends they ever had or ever will have. I have seen old men, women, and children mounted on the backs of horses, (two or three on a horse) with wobegone countenances, wending their steps to some fancied Medina, some place of safety

where they vainly imagined the enemy would never come; I have seen the soldier, stricken by disease, plod his feeble steps along the almost endless march, till, exhausted, he fell and perished; and unknown friends have sometimes dropped a tear of pity on his uncoffined grave. I have seen the charred and blackened chimneys standing alone on many a fine estate, sad, yet enduring mementoes of Northern barbarism.

I make no mention of the horrors of the battlefield; *they are inevitable*. Yet the widow's cry and the orphan's wail are uprising from many a once happy household, demanding from a God of justice vengeance on those who have broken the family circle; while even mercy, who sues for all, has dropped her imploring hands, and with downcast countenance, seems to say that there is no pardon for the perpetrators of such unhallowed war, rapine, and murder. Well, let them rejoice in their blood-guiltiness;

"But thou who never yet of human wrong,
Left the unbalanced scale,"

will deal out to them fit retribution; and for every drop of blood, and every tear that shall be shed by us, will exact ten-fold. ! ! ! !

We left St. Real, at the conclusion of the last chapter, in the hands of unknown enemies, unknown, at least, to him; though, doubtless, the

reader will have surmised that his captors were the emissaries of Rowanty, since it had been determined by that proud chieftain to properly resent the indignity which, he conceived, had been offered to his family in the person of his sister, the lovely Chorroneessee.

It is now our business to conduct the reader to the council of chiefs that had assembled for the purpose of determining what course to pursue with the offender, by the time he should arrive; for, as yet, no one knew with what success the party had met who had been sent out to kidnap the unsuspecting and unfortunate young man.

With his warriors and old sages around him, conspicuous among the latter of whom was the fortune-teller, sat Rowanty. He explained to the assembly the circumstances under which he had called together his "wise men," and concluded by asking the false prophet "what he would advise?"

"The brave chief of the Nottoways needs no advice from any one," replied the hypocrite, with eyes upturned to heaven, "but I can foresee, by the light which the Great Spirit gives me, that only blood can atone for the slight put upon the sister of the greatest of his tribe."

Any one who could have been present, and have narrowly watched the countenance of the

princess, might have observed a slight pallor overspread her features for a moment, and a gentle quivering of the eye, which, however, were soon exchanged for a calmness of demeanor that told of a complete mastery of herself and a determination to let matters take their course without let or hindrance from her.

Meantime, the principal of the other warriors were called upon, and the sentiment conveyed in the language of the prophet was echoed by all; not a solitary voice was raised in extenuation of St. Real's conduct; not a countenance, save that of Rowanty himself, but what betrayed the most ferocious joy at the prospect of taking the life of the white man, who had excelled them in several of their warlike exercises; but who had never injured one of them, in word or thought.

He, indeed, to whom a gloomy countenance was habitual, wore a calm and severe visage, and only to the eyes of his sister and the dumb boy Sappony appeared thereon a shade of regret at the necessity that obliged him to take the life of a man in whom he had placed so much of his esteem. They perceived that he was actuated by a superhuman agency; at least, such in their opinion was the character of the power which, it was apparent, the prophet wielded over the Indian chieftain.

When a shout without announced the successful return of the party with the prisoner, the effort made by Rowanty to appear calm and unmoved, produced such a pallor in his face as must have made it plain to all present that he was not pursuing the course he approved, had it not been for the excitement consequent upon the introduction of the culprit into that council, which had already doomed him to death, without allowing him a word in defence, and were entirely ignorant of the offence for which he was about to be sacrificed.

Bound and gagged, he was brought into the presence of the council, and as soon as order was somewhat restored, Rowanty spoke as follows :

“The princess, our sister, was as light of foot as the doe that scents the approach of the hunter and flies away over the rustling leaves to its covert; graceful as the birchen boughs under which she used to seat herself to catch the swift-gliding tenants of her native Nottoway; bold as the eagle, which is the patron of her tribe, and which we all worship. The white man came—we took him to our wigwams—together we smoked the pipe of peace—our steps lay together through the fragrant woods—seduced by his deceitful tongue, even I, the chief of my tribe, have sat within his dwelling, and listened to the sound of a voice, ten thousand times more deceitful than

his, and ten thousand times more sweet. Our sister is no longer light of foot—no longer does she walk with grace—no longer is she bold and fearless at the appearance of danger. Why is it thus? The pale-face has deluded her; looked on her with an evil eye. Her steps are languid—her happy laugh no longer fills the forests with its joyful echoes; no longer does she capture the scaly inhabitants of the waters, to furnish a rich repast for her brother when he returns from the chase, weary and hungry. White man! this is the work of your hands. The Great Spirit is witness that I do not thirst after your blood; but the wild animals will protect each other; and my sister has no one to protect her but Rowanty. I commit you into the hands of one who is the agent of the Great Spirit himself—he shall do with you according to the teachings that may be given him. Take him, and according as thou shalt be taught by the Spirit, do unto him.

He addressed this last part of his speech to the prophet, whose eyes glowed with all the light of hellish hate at the decree which placed his enemy, (as he conceived St. Real to be) in his power, and, falling to the earth, he lay flat on his face for a few moments, grovelling, in the labor of searching for the instructions of the Great Spirit. At last, he raised himself, and, turning towards

Rowanty, said: "He must die—the Great Spirit is inexorable. I have prayed, in vain, to commute his punishment—he must die. Bring forth the sacrifice," continued he, "and bind him to the stake. Prepare his neck for the tomahawk—he must die, and by no other hand than that of the man he has injured. He must die by the hand of Rowanty."

Startled with this turn which affairs had taken, Rowanty shook for one second, but in the next, was calm and prepared. St. Real, who was gagged, and, therefore, could not speak, perceived that his time had come. He noted the fiendish lustre of the prophet's eye, but could not even guess at the source of his hatred to himself. He had, it is true, somewhat put to ridicule his professions of sooth-saying and fortune-telling; but he did not deem that, for such slight cause, the breast of an *Indian* even, could cherish such violent hatred. Ah! unfortunate young man! had you known that this same prophet was the very Altaoni whose vigilance you escaped while in prison among the Assamoosics, by the instrumentality and connivance of his sweetheart, Oulinda, and that Oulinda had, herself, never been heard of since, you would have been at no loss to conjecture the cause of such hatred.

While Rowanty was disrobing himself of his imperial vestments, and preparing himself to strike the fatal blow, the false and treacherous Altaoni had a block of timber brought and caused the prisoner to kneel beside it, at the same time examining the edge of a tomahawk, to see if it were in good condition for its destined work.

Rowanty, at length, advanced towards the fatal scene, and commanded the prisoner's coat, neck-cloth, &c., to be removed. This was done instantaneously by the blood-thirsty mob, and St. Real's head placed upon the block.

The tomahawk is raised—and, in one more moment, that manly form is to be *dust*; but just at that moment, the eye of the too hasty chieftain fell upon a string of beads around St. Real's neck, and the brawny arm was paralyzed; and falling to the side of the kneeling form, Rowanty clasped him in his arms, and whispered the word "*Brother.*" In the next instant, St. Real, who had partly risen from the posture in which he had been placed, gave the chieftain a trip with his arms, which Rowanty was about to repay, in another kind, with a lick of the tomahawk, when a loud cry, piercing the very uppermost sky, fell upon his ear, and, in the next second of time, the body of the false prophet fell with a dull, heavy weight on the two prostrate forms, and a spout of

blood deluged both their faces, and gave a look of horror to their countenances which was never forgotten by any who saw it.

The shriek that fell upon the ears of that yelling mob, was found to have escaped the lips of the dumb boy, Sappony, who, perceiving Altaoni in the act of stabbing the prostrate chieftain, drew a dagger, and, with the speed of lightning, sprang forwards, piercing the very heart of the traitor. St. Real perceived Altaoni's intention time enough to throw the chief to the ground, thus thwarting the first blow of the fiendish being, and before he could make another, the dagger of the faithful Sappony had ended a life which, for months, had been devoted to accomplish the act that Rowanty's remembrance of the beads around St. Real's neck had frustrated.

Thus, a second time, did St. Real save the life of the Indian chief, and was again called '*brother*' by that generous, but hasty and too credulous man.

Meanwhile, the eyes of the dying Indian were turned, for one moment, in a keen glance upon the face of the boy Sappony.

"And that last look——
Sufficed to kill."

"Faithless Oulinda," hissed those dying lips,
"but *this* shall rob you of your lover—this shall

be my revenge"—and with that extraordinary strength which the last struggle for life sometimes confers on the dying, Altaoni raised his bloody hand and dealt a stroke full at the heart of the prostrate Rowanty; but, oh, horrible! the devoted Sappony, as quick as the electric flash, cast himself, at full length, on the fallen chieftain, and the death-blow which was meant for him, fell upon the breast of the faithful dumb boy with such momentum that it penetrated to the hilt of the weapon, transfixing the poor youth, and pinning him to the earth. But upon this last stroke for revenge, Altaoni had poured all his strength, and all his remaining life. He was dead.

At the mention of Oulinda's name, Rowanty started up, and discovered in the dumb boy Sappony, the image of one who had haunted his memory always, since his escape from among the Assamoosics, and St. Real was not slow in recognising one who had, thus, twice been instrumental in saving his life; for, had Oulinda been less prompt in inflicting the blow on Altaoni, both Rowanty and St. Real would have been stabbed ere it was seen by that excited crowd. The wound received by Oulinda, though serious, proved not to be mortal, the weapon having glanced aside when it struck a rib in that now heaving, yet soft and voluptuous bosom; and she was con-

vayed into the tent, where Indian skill soon restored her to perfect health.

Upon looking around, Rowanty did not see Chorroneessee, and began to question one of his attendants, who answered that he saw her depart just before the prisoner's head had been laid on the block. Rowanty, believing it reasonable that she should not wish to see her lover perish, sent to have her recalled, intending to offer her hand to his '*brother*,' as he once more called St. Real; but she could not be found, and it was a long time before her fate was fully ascertained.

CHAPTER XI.

“ * * * * * The days gone by
 Return upon me almost from the dawn
 Of life; * * * * *
 * * * * * I would give,
 While yet we may, as far as words can give,
 Substance and life to what I feel, enshrining,
 Such is my hope, the spirit of the past
 For future restoration.”—*Wordsworth*.

Days of my youth! where are ye? Have ye, indeed, fled forever, and is there no spell, no charm, no secret incantation to conjure your return? I see you; I hear the music that ye were wont to make in my untaught ear; I stretch my imploring hands towards you, and vainly beg you to return. Ah! how vainly! Ye heed me not—ye come not; but, mingling with the centuries that have gone before, ye glide on unceasingly, still in my view, yet ever receding, until ye shall be lost amid the shadows of the unremembered past; and I, with mind and memory, (which constitute the soul) shall once more commingle with the dust of the earth, and “be the nothing that I was.”

Friends of my youth! ye who were with me ere life had lost its freshness and its beauty; ere one unhallowed thought had found a birth-place in a mind not entirely corrupt; (I hope) ye who watched the progress of that mind, and, mistaking its occasional coruscations of wit for flashes of a

nobler and loftier genius, have predicted for me a future of greatness and glory; how have ye been deceived! how vainly have ye looked for some evidence of that rich intellect of which ye supposed me possessed! and how much have ye, in this, resembled the idolator of old, who, regarding the image before him as a god, is, for a long time, deceived by its appearance, but at last, is convinced that, although the form and lineaments of a God be there, the *soul* of the God is, indeed, wanting.

Hopes of my youth! ye that have never yet deserted me, whether surrounded by friends and basking in the smiles of fortune, or shrinking from the cold and repulsive touch of adversity and grief; ye that have still shed your hallowed influences about my pathway, gilding the dark hours, and adding new lustre to those already bright; ye changeless and still smiling friends, forsake me not now; cling yet closer around my soul, shed all your sweet consolation on my heart, and let, at least, one of my earliest aspirations be realized; even the wish that one, among all whom I have vainly loved, will remain faithful to the last, and thus convince me that gratitude, friendship and love are real existences, and not the mere creations of a desiring imagination.

And yet, wherefore? Doth the grave relent when the virtuous die, and restore the dead? Is there one earthly tie that time doth not sever? And can love shield either its object or its votary from the decay of "the dark-brown years"? No. Skill may evade, for a time, the demands of the insatiable tyrant—*Death*. The ties of friendship, of consanguinity, of love, may continue strong, and seem to be indissoluble, for year after year, uninfluenced by the lapse of days, the frowns of fortune, or the upbraidings of conscience; but they last only for an instant, compared to the duration of endless eternity; and scarcely do we attain "a local habitation and a name," before we, with all our longings, all our fondly breathed prayers for the objects of our love, all our dreams of bliss, (to be realized *never*) of future honors among men, (honors ephemeral as the dew drop,) will be hurried to that state of insensibility from which we originally emanated; and, from our ashes, another generation will spring, to be, in their turn, succeeded by still another; and thus "one generation passeth away and another generation cometh." ! ! !

Thus do I soliloquize, as I approach the close of my narrative; loth to give it up, like one who having travelled a long journey with another, will not immediately resign the hand of his com-

panion, but retain it in a long, emphatic clasp; and even after having relinquished it and turned away to go, yet lingers and looks back on his retiring friend.

There is but little to be added. The reader already perceives the conclusion of the story, with one or two exceptions. He guesses, of course, that the heart of the chief Rowanty, long ago touched by the noble conduct of Oulinda in rescuing him and St. Real from impending death, was now doubly impressed with her image, when he reflected on the events that had just transpired; and that St. Real's late miraculous escape contributed to endear him, still more than ever, to the heart of Kate, whose genuine affections, indeed, had never been alienated from him, although her ambition had, for a time, by prompting her to attempt the capture of Rowanty, created an estrangement that was the source of great disquietude to her lover. Kate now understood the source of those demoniacal glances which Sappony (or Oulinda, as she may again be called) had sometimes bestowed on her when in presence of the chief Rowanty, and could forgive them, when she reflected what she herself had sometimes felt when she thought that St. Real entertained a kinder feeling than mere pity for the dark-brown princess of the forest, the lost Chorroneesee.

Of this ill-fated and impulsive, yet artless child of the wilderness, there remain a few words to be said. It was several weeks before anything was known of her fate ; but Rowanty and Oulinda, who had been united in marriage soon after the death of Altaoni, (her wound having given her very little pain, under the skillful treatment it received,) left no means untried to discover her, and at length succeeded.

She had quitted the scene of the beheadment (as she believed it) of him whom she worshipped, and seating herself in a small boat, (as was ascertained from an old Indian squaw, who saw her,) descended the river, and coming to a very deep portion of the stream, it was supposed, cast herself into the water, having first tied a large stone about her neck, making it apparent that her intention had been to commit *suicide*. ! ! !

Nothing of consequence occurred at Southall until after the events just mentioned. For Kate, filled with grief for the fate of her poor lost pupil, could not be induced to yield to the wishes of St. Real, by becoming his wife, until many months after the body of the poor deluded maiden had been entombed among the remains of her ancestors, on the high bluff of the river.

At last, however, the indissoluble knot was tied, and many sons and daughters sprang up around

them to cheer their declining years. It was reserved for some of the posterity of this refined pair to perform deeds of valor and heroism in the late war, equal to some performed by their immediate ancestors in the Revolution, and *only in the result of the conflict* can the difference be distinguished between the patriot of seventy-six and the rebel of sixty-four ! ! ! !

There is a small stream that empties its waters into the river near the fatal spot where the unfortunate Chorroneessee perished ; and, to this day, that stream is called by her name ; and often at twilight, or at the more sombre hour of midnight, may fancy, seated among the birch-trees that wave overhead, and musing on the fate of the poor Indian maiden, listen to notes like these, uttered, perhaps, by the spirit of some unhappy lover of the ill-fated princess, or haply, by that of St. Real himself, and mingling its plaintive song with the night-wind's murmurings as it sighs out its own requiem :

Oh ! when the dews of night distil,
And when the stars are faintly twinkling,
When nought is heard but the whippoorwill,
And the distant sheep-bell softly tinkling ;
When all the world is hushed in sleep,
I love to think of thee and weep.

Oh ! what a cruel fate was thine !
(Thy heart is free from sorrow now,)
Thou couldst not brook, thy true love's shrine
Should have one worshipper, but thou :
No ; sooner wouldst thou find a grave
Beneath the cold, yet friendly wave.

But here, beside this placid river,
 In flowery dell and shadowy grot,
 Mid leaves through which the moonbeams quiver,
 Thy presence consecrates each spot.
 Thy voice is heard in every breeze
 That sighs amid the o'er-shadowing trees.

The very birds, whose songs elsewhere
 Burst forth in many a lively ditty,
 Sing dirges *here*; while all the air
 Seems echoing back their notes of pity.
 And one, (the wood-trush) dimly seen,
 Repeats thy name, his songs between.*

The earth along the river's brink,
 Where oft the fawn, in artless grace,
 Came down to view herself, and drink,
 Is trackless now—she shuns the place.
 The untamed tenants of the wild
 Lament thy fate—*poor forest child!*

But thou shalt never more endure
 The pangs of unrequited love;
 Thy aspirations were too pure
 For earth, and thou art gone above.
 And, doubtless, thou hast met again
 Those whom thou lovedst here, in vain.

* It requires but little stretch of the imagination, in poetic temperaments, to discover in the mellow and plaintive evening notes of the wood-thrush, quite a strong resemblance, in sound, to the name of the princess Chorroneesee. Almost concealed in the deep recesses of the grove, this little songster, on a calm evening, will send forth a volume of melody equal in sweetness to that of the nightingale.

ESTHER;

OR,

LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

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ESTHER.

[The following tale was published over the signature of "Clare" in the *Waverly Magazine*, in 1855, in common with several other shorter pieces, some of which are inserted herein.

It may be as well to state, also, that some of the contributions by the author to the *Post* and other papers are reproduced in this volume—all of which, however, with one or two exceptions, appeared over the same signature.]

PART I.

1.

"Long, weary months have passed since I be-
held thee,
And I have gazed on many a lovely face;
But none, whom I could ever deem, excelled thee;
None who could fill the loved, yet lost one's
place.

2.

"For many years I have been fondly dreaming,
That, at the last, thou wouldst become mine
own:
But hope's bright star, which once was brightly
beaming,
Is quenched—and I am wretched, sad and lone.

3.

"Yet I am calm—my heart has learnt despair—
I dream of thee, and love and bless thee still;
Thy name is mentioned in each fervent prayer,
But my crushed heart gives back no answering
thrill.

4.

"Once, at the very mention of thy name,
My heart would beat with throbbings wild and
high;

I feel—I think—I know myself the same—
Except that hope is changed to misery.

5.

"I love thee still: but never more, on earth,
Will I deplore that we are doomed to part;
I'll seek forgetfulness in scenes of mirth,
And banish thy remembrance from my heart."

I.

Thus poured a lover forth his farewell song,
As, from the deck, his now deserted home
He watched, with steadfast gaze, intense and long;
For he had lately doomed himself to roam
In distant climes, across the ocean's foam,
Because his lady-love had proved untrue;
And, as he watched the fast receding dome
That faintly, in the distance, met his view,
Again his song broke forth in one long, sad adieu.

1.

"Seat of my fathers, I forsake your bowers,
Your groves of green, your arbors and your
flowers ;
Your fields, your pastures, and your meadows gay,
In stranger lands to take my lonely way.

2.

"The twitt'ring swallow, with his quiv'ring wing,
Will come again, with the returning spring,
And rear its nestlings where your altars burn :
But who can fix the wanderer's return ?

3.

"And in your woods, when evening shadows fall,
The plaintive woodthrush will prolong his call ;
While merry mocking birds repeat the strain,
And sweetly warble out the song again.

4.

"But who will list their music ? Will *her* ear
Drink in the notes that once I loved to hear,
As pensively I sat beneath some tree,
And thought of her who never thinks of me ?

5.

"And who shall tend you, oh, ye fragrant flowers,
Friends and companions of my lonely hours ;
Who, when all human friends had broken faith,
Remained the same, and only changed in death ?

6.

"Will faithless friendship, with repentant tears,
Seek your frail stalks, that I have nursed for years,
And at your roots such heavenly drops let fall,
As shall your waning life, perhaps, recall?

7.

"Such be your fate; and on that gentle breast
The fervent blessings of the wanderer rest;
Who, in whatever clime he chance to be,
Will waft that blessing to her, o'er the sea.

8.

"Shall I forget you, too, dear, flowing streams,
Whose banks have been the scenes of some sweet
dreams;
And whose clear waters, as they gently flow,
Have quenched my thirst, or cooled my feverish
brow?

9.

"No, I cannot forget you. I depart,
But leave with you the treasures of my heart.
My 'fond remembrance,' whereso'er I roam,
Will turn to that beloved, forsaken home."

II.

The nimble vessel cleft the yielding flood,
And left no track to mark its rapid flight.
Rinaldo sought his cabin's solitude
To sleep away regret, if sleep he might:

Yet found he no repose the livelong night.
He slept, indeed ; for the tired spirit must
At length to nature yield : but, in despite
Of nature's laws, ('tis better thus, I trust,)
The spirit will resume its empire o'er our dust.

III.

And we should heed its teachings ; for the soul,
Which is the spirit, is of heavenly mould ;
And if we can submit to its control,
As did the prophets in the days of old,
Our lives will teem with blessings yet untold :
But let us not mistake the minister,
And to our breasts, instead, a demon fold ;
For there be imps of darkness that appear
Robed in the spirit's garb, to mislead mortals here.

IV.

Rinaldo started from his restless couch
Ere yet the sun had streak'd the dappled east,
And, in his features, there appeared a touch
Of passion—it might be that want of rest
Had lent the wildness that his eye express'd—
Perchance his dreams had been of home and *her*
Whose image was enshrined within his breast ;
Whate'er his dreams and hopes, let none infer,
The ivy often twines around a sepulchre.

V.

But hark ! a strain, like music from a rill,
That sings and dances on its joyous way,

Strikes on his ear in accents soft, yet shrill.
At first he almost deemed some elf or fay
Was singing welcome to the dawning day;
But the delusion vanished, and he smiled
To see a being far more bright than they.
In sooth, it was a young and delicate child
That thus, in joyous song, the morning hours be-
guiled.

1.

"Come along, thou blazing king,
King of bright and balmy day;
Shake thy glitt'ring dazling wing,
Quickly drive the night away.

2.

"I admire the silent night;
And the moon, and every star;
But the sun's more gorgeous light,
To my heart is dearer far.

3.

"Come then, quickly, king of day,
Fill my soul with sweet delight;
Come, rejoicing on thy way,
And disperse the shades of night.

4.

"Yonder is his burning crest,
His diurnal race to run;
Oh! I love the glorious east,
'Tis the birthplace of the sun."

VI.

Silent he stood ; upon whose heart had played
The powerful artillery of eyes
With beauty beaming ; eyes that might have made
The bosom of a hermit heave with sighs—
Eyes in whose depths the soul of passion lies
In soft, delicious languishment reposing ;
Whose liquid glances utter mute replies
To lovers' questions, and seem ever dozing,
So dreamily they look, 'neath eyelids half un-
closing.

VII.

There lurks a spell beneath a drooping lid
To soothe, enervate, and entrance the soul ;
In brighter eyes such spell is never hid,
Although 'tis these that oftentimes control
The fate of nations ; and, upon the whole,
Are mightier far than numbers can compute,
Swaying the universe from pole to pole ;
For passion is, of human *lust* the fruit,
While love, the offspring is, of a most heavenly
root.

VIII.

But oh, the power ! the vast, mysterious power,
In downcast eyes sojourning ! Men may write
Of beauty, reigning in some regal bower,
With eyes all glaring, open wide and bright,
Scorching whate'er they look on ; but the light,

The soft, subduing light of modest eyes
Touches the heart with an o'erwhelming might
Unknown to brighter orbs ; and thus gives rise
To an eternal love, that never droops or dies.

IX.

Silent he stood. The wild and haggard look,
That, to his face, such utter sadness lent,
Assumed a softer cast, then quite forsook
His manly features—and, at length was blent
With the stern smile, a something like content ;
And he approach'd the vision, as the song
Died to an echo. To the east she bent
With an impatient gaze, intense and strong,
That seemed to ask the sun, " what made him
stay so long ?"

X.

But scarcely had he touched her little hand,
And bade " good morning," in his kindest tone,
And asked her name, and her ancestral land—
And of her parents—and why thus alone,
She, from her cabin, had so early flown—
When hark ! a song, in plaintive murmurs, stole
Upon her ear—" My mother !" with a groan
The maiden cried, " oh, that she could control
These fits of sadness that come e'er her drooping
soul."

1.

“ My grave will be in the rolling sea,
Where the coral trees are growing ;
When the foaming wave shall hide my grave,
And keep forever flowing.

2.

“ And none will intrude on my solitude,
As I lie in my ocean bed ;
Nor think of me as they tempt the sea
That murmurs above my head.

3.

“ The richest gems in the diadems
That princes have died to keep,
Are nought to those where I shall repose,
’Mid the countless wealth of the deep.

4.

“ What though no hand, at love’s command,
Plant flowers above my head ;
Nor marble bust point out the dust,
Where sleeps the early dead ?

5.

“ Oft o’er the dead a prayer is said
By a false and faithless tongue ;
And none can learn, from the marble urn,
How the throbless heart was wrung.

6.

“Then be my grave in the ocean’s wave,
When freed from toil and care ;
If hearts there be that mourn for me,
My epitaph be—“THERE !”

XI.

Rinaldo was alone ! The child had darted
Into the cabin at that well-known sound—
Her song—perhaps her mother’s, had imparted
A look of interest, mournful and profound,
To his calm-features ; and as if spell-bound,
He stood, and stared across the trackless waste,
Till, startled by a voice, he looked around,
When, at his side, as he had seen her last,
The child again appeared, with modest eyes
downcast.

1.

“My name is Esther ; and I come
From where the north winds blow ;
I leave a cold, yet happy home,
To sunnier climes to go.

2.

“For drooping is my mother’s eye,
And wasted is her cheek ;
And father says if she should die,
My little heart would break.

3.

"This morning, while my mother slept,
My father's arm upon,
I from my pillow softly crept,
To greet the rising sun.

4.

"And, now my little tale is o'er,
I pray you tell to me,
Why *you* have left *your* native shore,
To wander o'er the sea?"

XII.

Could that sweet child have dreamed of half the
woe

Her question would renew in his torn breast,
Her simple tongue had never asked to know
Why he had ventured o'er the ocean's crest;
But like the fledg'lings of the turtle's nest
Was she, in sweet simplicity and trust.
Nor deem'd the smiles, in which the face is dress'd,
Are oft deceitful, hiding cares that must
Consign, at length, the frame into its kindred dust.

XIII.

"Fair child," said he, "I cannot tell you now,
Your youthful mind would scarcely understand;
But come to me, when on that youthful brow
The first faint line be drawn by passion's hand,
And I will tell you of my native land—

Its groves of green, its birds of every hue—
Its fruits and flowers, by western zephyrs fann'd,
And all its hosts of beauties, whence I drew
Pleasures forever sweet, because forever new."

XIV.

Onward the vessel hies ; ah ! who can say
How many souls, of all that human freight,
Are doomed to leave their tenements of clay
Ere land again appear ? If such the fate
Of any, let us hope that they await,
With lamps all trimmed and newly filled with oil,
The summons of the conqueror ; nor hate
To change this state of wretchedness and toil
For one, at least, of rest and freedom from tur-
moil !

XV.

A silver moon was beaming on the sea,
The stars were twinkling in the vaulted sky,
The zephyrs murmured by harmoniously,
And sleep had seized on many a languid eye,
When, o'er the waters, swept a dismal cry.—
Slow and appalling ; sometimes almost lost
To list'ning ears—then rising wild and high,
Like what might be supposed, a soul, when tost
On Jordan's stormy wave, would send to Jordan's
coast.

1.

"Come gather around this lifeless clay,
Your silent watch to keep;
To-morrow, at early dawn of day,
'Twill rest beneath the deep:
Then gather around the lifeless clay,
And watch its dreamless sleep.

Wail, wail, woe and sorrow!
Deep in the sea she will rest to-morrow.

2.

"Come, gather around this lifeless form,
And breathe a solemn prayer;
These limbs will shun the hungry worm,
That fain would revel there:
Then gather around the lifeless form,
Lifeless, and yet, how fair!

Wail, wail, woe and sorrow!
Deep in the sea she will sleep to-morrow.

3.

"Come, gather around this lifeless dust,
And chant a solemn dirge;
And let us think that we, too, must
Ere long approach life's verge:
Then gather around the lifeless dust
Which we must soon submerge.

Wail, wail, woe and sorrow!
Deep in the sea she will sink to-morrow.

4.

"Come, gather around this lifeless frame,
Ere yet the morning dawn—
And let us fondly breathe her name
With many a sigh, long drawn;
'Tis good that friends surround the frame
Of a dear departed one.

Wail not, grieve, nor sorrow !
She will arise again to-morrow."

XVI.

The morning broke; and in a snowy shroud
The corpse was borne, and, to the sea, consigned.
'No useless coffin' (hollow, like the crowd
Of hypocrites, that often creep behind
A miser's bier,) that lifeless form confined.
With tresses floating on the gentle wave,
And eyelids closed, as if to sleep resigned,
Slowly it sank into its wat'ry grave,
And sleeps, perhaps, even now, in some bright
coral cave.

XVII.

Thus perished Esther's mother ; she had been
The victim of consumption's ruthless power.
The hectic spot on her pale cheek was seen
Long ere she left her home, and like a flower
By cankerworms attacked, she drooped each hour.
Her husband fondly, vainly hoped that she
Would find relief in some Italian bower.

Alas ! *she* knew that she should never see
That sunny land. She died ; and sleeps beneath
the sea.

XVIII.

The father and his orphan daughter, cast
Long, anxious looks, into the sea below ;
Till, with a sudden start, he rose at last,
And, seizing Esther's hand, prepared to go.
Joy fills the eye with tears as oft as woe :
For tears relieve a heart too much oppress'd ;
But there ure human eyes, that never know
The luxury of tears—such he possess'd,
While broken was his heart in his distracted breast.

XIX.

Time flew ; yet no sweet consolation brought,
To wean his smitten heart from its stern mood.
No gentle foot, by soft compassion taught,
Approached to drive away his solitude,
The little Esther sometimes would intrude,
And he would kiss her cheek, and say, "good
night,"
Although 'twere noon. He took but little food—
And that strong mind had gone distracted quite,
Had time no changes brought in its incessant
flight.

XX.

But, in the elements, a storm was brewing,
That, soon would dash to atoms, that frail bark ;

And many hands, now all alive and doing,
Would soon be in the ocean stiff and stark.
The sky became o'erspread with masses, dark
And lowering—gallantly the vessel sped
Along the struggling waters, (like the ark,
Where Japhet's father sheltered his gray head,)
Yet found no Ararat on which to make its bed.

XXI.

For several hours the vessel had withstood
The tempest's wrath, with timbers loudly creaking;
It seemed to mock the raging of the flood;
When, "*land ahead*," above the whirlwind's
 shrieking,
Came wildly forth—a hundred voices speaking,
Were hushed to silence, deathlike and profound;
Anon a hum, that awful silence breaking,
Proclaimed that hope, recalled by that blest
 sound,
Had fled again, and they were destined to be
 drowned.

XXII.

"Look out for breakers!" came the fearful shout,
Uprousing many that, in prayer, were kneeling;
"Breakers ahead!" the cry again rang out,
Loud as the thunderbolt above them pealing;
On sped the vessel, bounding, leaping, reeling,
Defying all control in its career:

Some leaped into the sea, their fates thus sealing,
Some wildly laughed—some cursed—some
 crouched with fear,
While some awaited death with brow serene and
 clear.

XXIII.

"Oh, Lord, my God," came forth in accents wild,
"And is there none to help me? Is there none,
To whom I can commit my orphan child,
To point her pathway after I am gone?"
Thus Esther's father spoke, in rending tone,
While thrice he raised his hand above his head.
Rinaldo started suddenly, like one
Who has been roused too early from his bed,
And, to the mourner, thus, in tender accents,
 said:

XXIV.

"Stranger, in me, behold a faithful friend ;"
And he approached, and caught the speaker's
 hand—
"If there be one to whom you would commend
Your daughter, should you never reach the land,
Speak out ; I will perform your last command,
Or perish in the effort !" "Unto thee
Will I commit my child, kind stranger, and
In this small package you will clearly see
All you would wish to know concerning her or
 me."

XXV.

While he was speaking, came a fearful yell ;
The ship had struck, and, rapidly was sinking—
The horrors of that moment none can tell—
They are beyond the power of human thinking.
Rinaldo seized the child, her arms unlinking
From her sad father's neck, (who seemed resigned
To death,) and plunged into the waves unshrink-
ing ;

And, as he left the vessel far behind,
Its groans were stifled by the roaring of the wind.

XXVI.

Meantime, his strength was waning—but by
chance,

A broken mast of that devoted ship,
Borne on the waves, met his distracted glance ;
And quick he caught it with an iron grip,
And gained the shore. All bloodless was the lip
Of the poor orphan ; but some grapes, near by,
He quickly squeezed, of which he made her sip ;
And presently he saw, with ecstasy,
The color in her cheeks, the sparkle in her eye.

XXVII.

Ye who have travelled patiently thus far,
If more of Esther you desire to know—
Her fate, her fortune, and her ruling star,
Come with me still again, and I will show

All these, as, in their course, they chanced to flow.
And startling are the incidents that filled
Her afterlife, checkered with weal and woe,
Ere closed in death, her sparkling eyes were
 sealed,
And her too loving heart forever, ever stilled.

PART II.

I.

Who hath not felt, while gazing on the dead,
Ere foul decay had stamped it with its seal,
A sort of envy, mingled with the dread,
That all, when looking upon death, must feel?
O'er thinking minds, such wishes sometimes steal
Till they become a passion; and men crave
The hour of death, which will, at least, reveal
The secrets of the dark and silent grave,
Whate'er of fate it bring, to ruin, or to save.

II.

The silent breast no more with sorrow fills,
The rayless eye no more with frenzy turns,
The heart no more with passion madly thrills,
The blood no more with parching fever burns,
And the freed spirit to its God returns;
And, did not reason, with its glimmering ray,
Point out a future, many a soul, that yearns
For rest, would rend its prison bars of clay,
Nor, in this cheerless world, another moment
 stay.

III.

Rinaldo stood upon the sandy beach,
And watched the vessel as it slowly sank
Into the water, far beyond the reach
Of human help, while many a fractured plank
Was drifted, by the waves, upon the bank,
Where he and Esther stood, with eyes uplifted
To that omnific power which heeds not rank,
Nor wealth, nor talents, when its arm is lifted:
When, lo! a pallid corse upon the beach was
drifted.

IV.

With feelings such as I described erenow,
The shipwrecked pilgrim looked on that pale face.
No furrow, wrought by care, marked that fair
brow,
Nor in the features could Rinaldo trace
Aught, save composure—ah! in vain ye place
Your hand upon that breast. The heart is still.
The ruby lifedrops now no longer chase
Each other through the veins. Start! if ye will,
'Tis only dust you see; pause, and behold your
fill.

V.

The raven hair in dripping masses clung,
Tangled and matted from, the drooping head;
The arm, all shrunk and shrivelled, dangling hung
Still in the water's edge—and, as I said,

The face was pale and bloodless—but instead
Of sand and pebbles, which we might suppose
A drowning man would grasp, the faithful dead,
Faithful in life, and faithful at its close,
A portrait held which did a lady's face disclose.

VI.

'Twas Esther's mother's; and one glance sufficed
To warn her that she saw her father's hand—
For hitherto she had not recognized
Her father's features; struggling to command
Her bursting heart, she knelt upon the sand,
And on the picture a long kiss impressed;
Then turning to the corpse one moment scanned
Its placid face—but now, too much oppressed
By utter woe, she sunk upon that silent breast.

VII.

Upon that lonely shore, there is a mound
By friendship reared; it lies "due east and west,"
A young acacia throws its shade around,
And marks the spot where takes his final rest
The shipwrecked father of a child unblest,
And oft, 'tis said that, borne upon the breeze,
A voice comes floating o'er the ocean's crest,
And mingling with the whisperings of the trees,
Seems hovering round that spot, in accents such
as these:

1.

"Rest in thine humble grave,
By friendship's hand prepared;
To-night I leave my ocean cave
Thy sepulchre to guard.

2.

"Heed not the mournful cry,
Mixed with the ocean's roar;
'Tis made by those whose bodies lie
Unburied on the shore.

3.

"Then sleep, nor heed the sound
That mingles with the blast;
For love immortal hovers round
To guard thee to the last."

VIII.

The last sad duty to the dead performed,
Rinaldo paused to think what next to do.
The little Esther needed to be warmed,
And he, himself, was shivering through and
through.

No human habitation met his view,
Nor watch dog's bark fell on his listening ear,
Till, by the tinkling of a bell, he knew
That something of the human race was near—
And, whether friend or foe, he did not care nor
fear.

IX.

At length, upon an eminence he stood,
The little orphan drooping at his side—
And, at his right he saw a skirt of wood,
And, at his left, the ocean, far and wide ;
And, where the woods seemed partly to divide,
A wreath of smoke was rising. By degrees,
As he approached, a cabin he espied,
That stood among the overhanging trees
The picture of content, and innocence, and ease..

X.

Here dwelt a fisher, who with kindly care
Received them, and their present wants supplied ;
And, although coarse and simple was the fare,
It was the best the household could provide.
The busy, bustling wife, whose greatest pride
Seemed to consist in honoring her guests,
Produced dry clothes, and their own vestments
dried ;
Meantime, to sleep, the weary pair she pressed,
And, having closed the door, she left them to
their rest.

XI.

How long he slept, Rinaldo could not tell,
His dreams had been of his deserted home,
And her whom he had loved, alas ! too well ;
He saw again his old ancestral dome—

He walked, in fancy, through each well-known
room,
And viewed each silent portrait hanging there ;
Till, startled by a sound that seemed to come
From the deep wood near by, borne on the air,
His wandering thoughts returned, his sorrow and
despair.

1.

"Who would not be a fisher's wife,
With a home on the wild seashore?
With nought to do but mend the nets,
While the master plies the oar.

2.

"Of fruits and nuts there is no lack,
And grapes for the sparkling wine ;
And nought to do but mend the nets
And tend the lowing kine.

3.

"And when the master comes at eve,
And takes his bread and cheese ;
'Tis sweet to hear, while I mend the nets,
His tales of the stormy seas.

4.

"And when he tells of some mighty storm
And dreadful loss of life,
I bless the fate, as I mend the nets,
That made me a fisher's wife."

XII.

A night had passed. The golden sun was throwing
His mellow radiance through the window pane;
Th' impatient cattle in the folds were lowing,
Impatient—to be strolling o'er the plain.
The soothing murmur of the distant main,
In soft, delicious cadence, floated by—
And every bush and brake seemed to contain
A songster. Can ye, therefore, wonder why
Rinaldo roused himself, and oped his languid eye?

XIII.

And, from the casement now he looked, and saw
The fisher's wife poisoning a flowing pail
Upon her plaited hair. O, ye! who draw
The breath of crowded cities, and inhale
Disease and death! come snuff, with me, the gale
That ushers in the morning. Ye have tossed
Full long upon your bed, with cheeks all pale;
God's sunshine is too precious to be lost:
And health is cheap indeed, no matter what it
cost.

XV.

"My gentle Esther," thus, in soothing tone,
Rinaldo said, "forget your grief awhile,
And take a little food; we must be gone
Before to-morrow's sun casts his bright smile
Upon the trees, that shade yon little isle;

Then take some needful food, and rest ; for we
Must travel wearily, for many a mile,
O'er brake, and brier, and turf, and fallen tree,
To reach a port, and tempt, once more, the faith-
less sea."

XVI.

The child obeyed ; and the repast being o'er,
Withdrew in silence : nor did any have
A thought that she was wandering on the shore
Of the blue sea, to find her father's grave.
Meanwhile, her voice was echoed by the wave,
And caught Rinaldo's ear, as, on the air,
It softly floated. One wild start he gave,
And, to the seacoast rushing, found her there,
Murmuring this sad farewell, in accents of des-
pair :

1.

" My father lies upon the shore,
My mother sleeps beneath the sea ;
And I must cross the ocean o'er,
With none to love, or care for me.

2.

" The vilest wretch that breathes the air,
Whatever his condition be,
Will meet with bosom friends ; but where
O ! where is there a friend for me ?

3.

"I am alone; no drop of blood
In living veins is aught to mine;
And I must tempt the ocean's flood—
The last frail branch of all my line.

4.

"Did friends at home, with anxious eyes,
Look out upon the stormy sea,
And as the fearful tempests rise,
In silence breathe a prayer for me:

5.

"I might this cruel fortune bear,
Without a murmur or a groan;
But, O! it fills me with despair
To know I am alone—alone!"

XVII.

"Alone, my child!" in accents sadly thrilling,
Rinaldo said, "and art thou quite alone?
Is not the friend that saved thee once, still willing
To save thy life, at peril of his own?"
"Forgive," she said, in a heart-rending tone,
"Forgive the words wrung from a wretched heart,
Nor deem me thankless and ungrateful grown;
Thy love alone, one solace can impart—
And only death, or thou, shall ever make us part."

XVIII.

While thus she spoke, a vessel hove in sight,
The sails were idly flapping in the wind;
Rinaldo hailed it with sincere delight;
Not that he tired of those who were so kind
To him and Esther, but he wished to find
A fit asylum for his little charge,
Where he might soothe her overburdened mind.
His purse he gave the fisher, in discharge
Of his indebtedness, and leaped upon the barge.

XIX.

I need not pause to say how many days
The vessel floated on the trackless waste;
Borne, by the fickle wind, a thousand ways;
Suffice it that she reached a port at last,
And in the bay her massive anchor cast,
And all is bustle on that good old ship—
Her sails are furled, and naked is her mast—
Her crew rejoice o'er her successful trip—
While "*Home*, my happy home," burst forth from
many a lip.

XX.

But there were none to greet the shipwrecked twain,
And silently they took their unknown way;
They had no cares their footsteps to detain,
No bag nor baggage to create delay;
All had been lost upon that fatal day

When they were shipwreck'd, save a purse of gold
That in Rinaldo's pocket chanced to stay ;
This he had given the fisher, as was told,
And thought himself repaid a thousand, thousand
fold.

XXI.

'Tis true the package that he had received
From Esther's father was within his vest ;
And it was weighty—but he ne'er believed
He had the right to use it—he possessed
A soul of honor ; but he thought it best
To know what it contained, for it was sealed,
And heretofore he had but vaguely guessed
At the contents its leathern sides concealed ;
He pressed the clasp, and gold, bright, shining,
was revealed.

XXII.

He stopped not in the crowded street to count
How much there was—of one thing he was sure,
That, from its weight, it was a large amount.
But heaps of shining treasure could not lure
His mind from dark remembrances ; nor cure
The poison of his heart. The shining dust
Renewed the grief he scarcely could endure.
For gold, he thought, his love had broken trust,
And, shame to womankind ! his thoughts were
but too just.

XXIII.

But when he found himself at his hotel,
With Esther at his side, before the fire,
And pressed the clasp again, his vision fell
On a sealed paper seeming to require
Especial notice—hastening to inquire
Of its contents, he found it was a *will*,
Clear and concise, expressing a desire,
That whoso' found it would its terms fulfil,
And guard his orphan child from all impending
 ill.

XXIV.

His first care was to place the child at school—
His next to prove the will in form of law ;
Then, of her property, a brief schedule
He took in writing, and at last, he saw
His present labors, to completion draw.
Meantime he could not live in cities. He
Was like a feather in the wind—a straw
Borne on the restless waters of the sea—
He had no aim—no goal to point his destiny..

XXV.

And once again he found himself alone,
Reposing on the margin of a stream,
Whose banks, with flow'rs and shrubs, were all
 o'ergrown.
Around him rose the forest ; and the gleam

Of the bright water, sparkling in the beam
Of the meridian sun, sent to his mind
A joyous thrill. But quickly passed the dream,
And mem'ry came, with tortures twice refined,
And banished his young dream, which left no
trace behind.

XXVI.

And, with the murmur of the forest trees,
And, with the notes of many a warbling bird,
And, with the humming of the busy bees,
With all the host of voices that were heard
From bird, and bee, and forest branches stirr'd
By gentle winds—and, with the gurgling stream,
His voice was mingled; and each mournful word
Struck on the ear so sadly, one might deem
The speaker was inspired—and *mem'ry* was his
theme.

1.

“Mysterious power! If in the haunts of men
I could not drive thee from my wretched heart,
How could I deem that, in the lonely glen,
By flowing stream, and sighing woods—that then
Thou wouldst depart.

2.

“Leave me, ah, leave me! Oh, but for one day
One hour of freedom from thy haunting spell!

Could I forget the past, repel each ray
Of agonizing thought that blights my day
It would be well.

3.

"My mother's song, that lull'd my infant years,
My father's voice, stern, yet forever kind—
All the sweet thoughts of my maturer years,
My boyhood's hopes, its pleasures, and its fears
Should be resigned.

4.

"My pleasant rambles on the sedgy shore,
In mossy dingle, and in dewy vale,
The songs of birds—the leaping cat'ract's roar,
All memory of these I would restore,
Could it prevail.

5.

"Alas! there is no gift that I can bring
To bribe the mind, its power to disown;
And I must bear the thoughts that tear and wring
This wretched heart. Lethe is but the sting
Of death alone."

XXVII.

But time, the fugitive, pursued his flight,
And weary months had lengthened into years,
And, if the past was not forgotten quite,
It was remembered, not with burning tears;
But with that sadness which the visage wears.

When grief has settled into pensive thought—
A calmness which betrays the heart it sears
Seeming to be contentment—although fraught
With every poisoned gift that passion ever
brought.

XXVIII.

And he returned, and mingled in the strife
With base, ungrateful, fickle, faithless man ;
Tasted the poisoned sweets of city life,
And bask'd in beauty's smile, till he began,
With anxious eye, each lovely face to scan ;
Hoping to find, at last, one that could rouse
His stupid heart. Alas ! how vain the plan !
True love once felt, no second love allows ;
But, with a martyr's faith, clings to its earliest
vows.

XXIX.

One gentle girl had learned his history,
And, as she thought, had learned to love him too.
Her young heart knew not the idolatry
That passionate love produces. She but knew
That he had saved her when he madly threw
Himself into the ocean's leaping waves,
As, under his strong arm, her form he drew,
And, like some geni from his coral caves,
Bore her to land, while all on board found wat'ry
graves.

And oft would Esther, while the moon was casting

Its midnight splendor on each peaceful scene,
Fill'd with affection, which she thought as lasting
As human love *could* be, or e'er had been,
In pensive silence from her casement lean,
And *dream* of him. Sometimes in melting words,
Soft as the breathings of the air unseen,
Her voice would steal forth, like a frighten'd
bird's

Betraying thoughts like these, which now my
pen records :

1.

"Thou dost not love me, but if thou could'st
know
How I adore thee, wheresoe'er I go,
How many prayers for thee I waft above,
Thou *coulds't* not hate me, though thou *might'st*
not love.

2.

"They tell me I am beautiful ; but thou
Canst see no beauties on this quiet brow,
Thou dost not know, in these mild downcast eyes,
How much of wild and wayward passion lies.

3.

" 'Tis not *my* happiness I seek, but *thine*—
God knows how gladly I'd surrender mine,

To quell the throbbings of thy noble breast,
And give thy heart *one* hour of needful rest.

4.

"But when I sing and hold the giddy throng
Enraptured by the "magic spell" of song,
I look in vain for thy approving smile,
And weep to think thou heard'st me not the
while.

5.

"I ask not *all* thy love—too well I know
Thy faithful heart, to think I could o'erthrow
A love like thine for *her*, vain though it be,
And doomed to bring thee nought but misery.

6.

"But if I could expel one gloomy thought
With which thy bleeding heart is ever fraught—
And still one single anxious hour of pain,
I should not, then, have lived and loved in vain."

XXXI.

But hark! a dreadful shout comes through the
air,
And cries of "fire" upon her hearing fell;
Yet Esther moved not, for she knew not where
The fire was raging. Slowly tolled the bell—
Slowly, and mournfully its pealings swell
Along the street—the thickly crowded street—
At last the rumbling wheels, the startling yell

Of flying hosts—the tramp of hast'ning feet,
Mingled with cries of “fire,” aroused her from
her seat.

XXXII.

And as she cast her eyes towards the door
Of her apartment, an unusual glare
Of ruddy light, that played upon the floor,
Caused her to start—how came that glimmer
there?

She seized the bolt—oh, horror—and despair!
The key was gone, by careless servants placed
Outside the door. And now, the heated air
Became oppressive, and she wildly paced
The floor, nor thought to shriek in her distracted
haste.

XXXIII.

At length the smoke, with which the room was
draped,
Produced a suffocating thirst for air—
And, as she, panting, smoth'ring, strangling gaped
For breath, her hands uplifted, as in prayer,
Her hair disheveled, and her bosom bare,
Her voice broke forth in one long, piercing shriek,
And falling to the floor, in her despair,
His name was all her parching tongue could speak,
Ere death appeared to still the heart that *could*
not break.

XXXIV.


Rinaldo, at the first alarm of fire,
Had dressed himself and hurried to the spot :
He paused not, at the threshold, to inquire
“ Who were within ? ” Could *that* avert their lot ?
But leaping among flames that seemed too hot
For man’s endurance, soon again returned,
Bearing a fainting youth, who knew it not ;
But who can tell his anguish when he learned
That Esther was within ? Groaning he wildly
turned

XXXV.

His tott’ring steps into the burning pile,
Bursting each door that oped not to his touch,
Shrieking her name, in thunder, all the while—
Tearing the cov’ring from each blazing couch—
At length, o’erpowered by labor all too much
For human strength, he fell against a door,
(Grasping the bolt with a convulsive clutch,)
Which, flying open, showed, upon the floor,
The form of her whom he had vainly sought
before.

XXXVI.

But if a thrill of joy shot through his frame
At sight of her, it stayed not, for behold !
The passage floor became one sheet of flame,
Then, like a troubled sea of molten gold,
It heaved and trembled—till a crashing told



That it had fallen, and Rinaldo found
That they must die ; but, to the truly bold,
Danger brings double strength. The bed was
bound
With a strong cord, which might, perhaps, reach
to the ground.

XXVII.

And from the window now the rope he hung,
And, seizing Esther, hastily descended ;
His left hand holding her, his right hand clung
To the frail cord by which they were suspended.
But when this fearful trip was almost ended,
And they had almost reached the ground again,
The feeble strand, on which their lives depended,
Took fire, and, as its fragments burned in twain,
With a tremendous shriek, they fell upon the
plain.

XXXVIII.

But chance, or *fate*, (call it whiche'er you will—
And what is providence itself, but fate ?)
Proved, as it oft had done, auspicious still,
And spared their lives until some future date.
It chanced the gardener had ploughed of late
The ground beneath ; and, save a fractured arm,
The consequence of carrying Esther's weight,
Rinaldo felt himself secure from harm—
And Esther's opening eye precluded all alarm.

XXXIX.

Once rescued from the perils of the sea,
And once from the relentless power of fire,
Can any think the orphan's heart could be
Untouched with love for him, who would expire
Or save her ? Ye who haply may desire
To learn the future destinies of those
Whose fates and fortunes do this verse inspire,
Pause here awhile, for slumber and repose,
Ere I pursue my theme unto its final close.

PART III.

I.

In yonder hall gleams many a radiant light,
Glow's many a cheek, beams many a radiant eye,
Throbs many a tender heart, with sweet delight,
Glides many a fairy form, whose step could vie
With the light zephyr that came floating by ;
And music, gay and joyous as the song
Of earliest lark, that greets the morning sky,
Fell on the ear, swaying that giddy throng,
While words of love were breathed by many a
 bashful tongue.

II.

But who is he, that, silent and apart,
From the gay scene, sits, wrapp'd in sullen mood ?
His looks imply that grief has touched his heart ;
For, on his features, passion soft, subdued,
Yet deep and burning as the lava flood
From the volcano's fiery bosom streaming,
Sits, like a vulture o'er a turtle's brood ;
And, from that eye, which once with smiles was
 beaming,
A restless soul looks out, a sickly light is gleaming.

III.

And this is he whose voice could once dispel
Gloom from that circle, when that voice was heard;
The glance of whose proud eye, where'er it fell,
Possessed the magic of some mystic word;
This is Rinaldo who had once incurred
The dangers of the dark and stormy sea,
Braving its waters, like an ocean bird;
Whom fire could daunt not. Say, if this be he,
Why lurks he thus in gloom, while others dance
with glee.

IV.

His mind is brooding o'er the distant *past*—
He dreams of pleasures that can ne'er return—
Of earlier days, ere dark despair had cast,
Across his pathway, shadows wild and stern.
Fond man! and hast thou yet indeed to learn
That "frailty's name is woman?" Let the scope
Of all thy visions tow'rds the *future* turn;
Nor in the darknesss of past moments grope,
Then thou may'st love again—again may'st learn
to hope.

V.

But from that crowd one faithful eye was watch-
ing
The lonely dreamer, with affection's gaze—
And now, the tedious dance with haste despatch-
ing,

The grateful orphan tow'rds Rinaldo strays.
And on his arm a gentle finger lays—
And words like these fell on her listening ear,
Soft as an angel's whisper, when he prays :
And as Rinaldo spoke, a pearly tear
Stood in her glistening eye, and told that he was
dear.

1.

"Dear girl, I cannot, dare not, longer hide
The thoughts and wishes that possess my soul ;
I've tried to smother them, ah ! vainly tried—
But there are feelings that defy control.

2.

"Turn not thine eye in scorn away from me,
Nor let thy cheek, with angry blushes burn ;
I know, too well, the love I offer thee
Is all unworthy of a fond return.

3.

"Thy inexperienced heart has never felt
The pangs of love—its joys—its hopes—its fears ;
While mine is seared with blows that have been
dealt
By faithless hands in weary, bygone years.

4.

"*Thy* heart is like a flower filled with perfume ;
Unhurt by blasting wind and chilling rain,
While *mine* has lost its freshness and its bloom,
And ne'er can blossom into life again.

5.



"Yet, sometimes round the blasted oak will twine
Some flow'ring clinger, though that oak be dead;
And thou may'st teach thy soul to lean on mine,
And cheer my heart, though all its dreams be fled."

VI.

He paused for her reply ; and when it came,
With words of soft endearment overflowing,
So diff'rent from his warmest, brightest dream,
When he beheld her cheek, with blushes glowing,
Saw the bright tear that in her eye was flowing,
And heard her heart's wild throbbing, as it beat
With the deep bliss that it was undergoing,
He did not dream that happiness so sweet
Could be, alas ! alas ! for woman's faith ! so fleet.

VII.

Once more they mingled in the exciting dance,
Inspiring and inspired by the gay scene,
Exulting joy beamed forth in every glance
That fell from their bright eyes ; and like the
 queen
Of fairies, when she holds, upon the green,
Her nightly revels, did the orphan move,
While he upon whose arm she loved to lean,
In manly beauty danced, and vainly strove
To curb the gushing founts of late-awakened love.



VIII.

When some proud vessel, that has long been toss'd
By adverse winds, upon the stormy seas,
Whose snowy sails and tow'ring masts are lost,
Or useless in the absence of a breeze,
Is drifted into port by slow degrees,
Her crew exult o'er their averted fate.
Rinaldo moved with feelings such as these.
Fond dreamer, pause! and be not thou elate,
Thou may'st regret, perhaps, when it will be too
late.

IX.

A few short weeks of happiness flew by,
Love's whirlwind had to calmness been subdued,
The appointed marriage day was drawing nigh,
When, lo! a message broke the solitude
Which he had lately sought and fondly wooed;
A message fraught with tidings of the death
Of one who was his nearest kin by blood;
And he must hasten to the place forthwith:
Ere he return again, alas, for Esther's faith!

X.

'Twill be remembered that Rinaldo bore,
On the same night when he had rashly braved
The conflagration, with its crackling roar,
A fainting youth from death: and he believed
That he should glory in the life he saved;

And so he did—but scarcely had he started
Upon the journey which stern duty craved,
Ere this same youth, like a vile serpent, darted
Into his paradise, and all his prospects thwarted.

XI.

And Esther loved him—rashly, madly loved—
She knew it by a thousand signs unfailing—
Her eyes were on him whereso'er he moved—
She could have wept, but tears were unavailing;
Yet often, while the midnight moon was sailing
In silent splendor through the starry sky,
You might have heard her low, pathetic wailing
Borne on the breezes that went flitting by:
When *love* employs the heart, even *gratitude* must
fly.

1.

“I thought I loved thee, but till now, oh! never
Did this fond heart know what it was to love.
I thought I loved thee, but I fain would sever
The chain that wearies me, where'er I rove—
This fickle heart would gladly rend the chain
That binds our fates—I would be free again.

2.

“I thought I loved thee, but I did not know
That *gratitude* alone was all I felt—
I thought I loved thee—ah, how vainly now
I strive to think so still! my heart could melt

With *pity* for thy woes—but, oh! for him
It throbs and beats until my senses swim.

3.

“And thou art absent—full of hope and trust;
Chiding the dull and weary hours of time,
And know’st not of the love that has been thrust
Between our souls—oh! call it not, by *crime*.
Can it be crime that hearts as fond as ours,
Should mingle in despite of human powers?

4.

“When thou returnest, oh, how can I meet
Thy noble eye with a perfidious smile!
With joy, thy safe return *appear* to greet,
E’en though thy presence torture me the while!
Alas, for me! why could I never dream
That *love* and *gratitude* were not the same?

5.

“But I will school my heart to bear its lot.
Am I not plighted thine through life and death?
My heart is *his*, but he shall know it not,
For thou art worthy of a martyr’s faith.
And may my heart, ere this bright eye grow dim,
Forget how fondly I have worshipp’d *him*.”

XII.

And many months were numbered with the past
Of buried years, before Rinaldo came—

And when he came his brow was overcast
With gloomy shadows—could his spirit dream
That the fair orphan's heart was not the same?
Or did a *small, still* voice, in thunder come
Piercing his conscience, like a sword of flame?
That he, whose soul had long since been love's
tomb,
Should seek to win a heart in all its virgin bloom.

XIII.

Let me but tell, how when he had quite finished
The duties upon which he had been bound,
And was prepared with ardor undiminished,
To hasten back with wealth and riches crowned;
A feeling aimless, vague, but yet profound,
To see his *first love's* home possessed his soul:
And, though the snow was whit'ning all the
ground,
And bitter was the blast, he softly stole
Towards *her* father's grounds—who can their
fates control?

XIV.

Let me but tell how, in the silent night,
His hair all frosted with the driving snow,
He watched her casement till its last faint light,
Like some pale setting star, had ceased to throw
Its flickering radiance on the ground below;
How, when he was about to quit the place,

Her voice broke forth in accents wild, yet low—
And none will wonder why there was a trace
Of moodiness and gloom upon his manly face.

1.

“While silently the snowflakes fall,
Wrapping the earth in spotless white,
And hooting owlets loudly call,
Breaking the stillness of the night:

2.

“While all the world with gloom is fraught,
Ere weary nature yields to sleep,
Let me indulge a secret thought,
That I have vainly tried to keep.

3.

“Let me recall the happy past,
Ere I had broken faith and trust;
And, with a ruthless hand, had cast
His hopes and wishes in the dust.

4.

“But *he* is with the bright and gay,
Watching each lovely face and form,
Nor thinks of her, who, far away,
Mingles her wailings with the storm.

5.

“Yet wheresoe’er his footsteps rove,
I’ll pray that bliss attend his fate;
And to the mem’ry of his love
My life forever consecrate.”

XV.

All night Rinaldo lingered near the spot,
While fell the snow, in driving eddies, chilling
His very life-blood ; yet he knew it not—
Her voice was in his ear, still sadly thrilling,
Telling how much she grieved at not fulfilling
Her vows to him whom she had loved alone ;
For whose dear sake she would be gladly willing
To sacrifice whate'er her heart had known
Of happiness or joy, without a sigh or groan.

XVI.

At length the morning broke ; and with it came
To the benighted mind, a gleam of thought :
He would have left the place, but his chilled frame
Refused to move, by cold and damp o'erwrought.
Meantime, the maiden's watchful eye had caught
A glimpse of his dark cloak beneath her bower,
And with a curious step, she quickly sought
The sacred spot, where, many a bygone hour
She'd pass'd among the flowers, herself the fairest
flower.

XVII.

Pale as the snow among his tresses wreathed,
Rinaldo lay upon a rural seat ;
No heaving breast implied that still he breathed,
No eye beamed forth, the maiden's eye to meet ;
And if the heart continued still to beat,

Its throbbings were too gentle to be felt
Through his thick vestments, stiff with ice and
 sleet ;
And, though she knew him not, the maiden knelt,
And brushed away the snow, that had begun to
 melt.

XVIII.

But when his features were exposed to view,
And she discovered *whose* the heart she pressed,
And *whose* the cheek now pale with death's own
 hue,
On which her own, but now, had deigned to rest,
No woman-shriek burst forth from her full breast ;
But, with the calmness which despair imparts,
She chafed the hands of her unconscious guest,
Till, warmed at last, the vital current starts,
And life returned to him who held her heart of
 hearts.

XIX.

Yes ! life returned—but with it came not health ;
For many months he hovered o'er th' abyss
Of death ; and all the luxuries of wealth,
And the devotion of a heart whose bliss—
Whose very life—appeared to hang on his,
And all the skill the country could afford,
And balmy winds, with soft voluptuous kiss,
And healing on their wings, where'er they soared ;
All these combined, at length the invalid restored.

XX.

And she, for whose dear sake he had departed
- From his paternal home, in earlier years,
(A wanderer o'er the ocean, broken-hearted,)
Had watch'd his couch, with all love's hopes and
fears,
And wept, in secret, many bitter tears,
Herself reproaching with her faithlessness.
The rosy hue of health again appears
Upon Rinaldo's cheek, but ne'ertheless
He stays—and often thus his secret thoughts
express :

1.

“ Yes ! I love thee more than ever,
Though my heart and hand are plighted
To another. Hope can never
Bloom again, for it is blighted.

2.

“ When I deemed thee false and faithless,
I believed I loved another,
With a passion strong and deathless,
Which no time (I thought) could smother.

3.

“ But to see thee, and to hear thee,
Were sufficient to awaken
All those yearnings to be near thee,
Which thy falseness once had shaken.

4.

"I must fly. Why should I strengthen
 Love that is *too* strong before?
 And this hour of anguish lengthen,
 Since it can return no more?"

5.

"No, whate'er my fate or station,
 All my vows I will fulfill;
 And my only consolation
 Is, that I am faithful still."

XXI.

And he departed once more to the side
 Of the poor orphan; but his bosom thrilled
 With sad forebodings, which he could not hide.
 The tide of his devotion had been chilled
 By disappointment, and he rashly filled
 His cup again, but from a diff'rent stream—
 For *this* was friendship, *that* was love distilled.
 Her voice had roused him from his latest dream;
 And what he took for *love* he found to be *esteem*..

XXII.

I said that Esther had become much smitten
 With one who valued not the heart he'd won.
 A heart whose tablets, like a page unwritten,
 Received impressions quickly, but, when done,
 Are changeless as the radiance of the sun.

* * * * *

Such was her destiny. Betrothed to one
Whom she *esteemed*, yea, *worshipped as a brother*,
But, oh! her heart of hearts was breaking for
another.

XXIII.

Oh, ye! who pity the poor orphan's fate,
Whose eyes are moist with sympathetic tears,
Suspend your pity, till I can relate
How fortune spared her the "remorse of years."
For, lo! a savior to her help appears—
And it is DEATH. Why start ye with dismay?
Better to die, ere all that life endears
Hath tak'n its everlasting flight away,
Than live to suffer death in each succeeding day.

XXIV.

Consumption was inherent in her race,
And mental pain had hastened its approach;
Rinaldo watched her variable face,
One moment pale, then, with a lurid touch
Of burning brightness, glowing. Omens, such
As these, he knew were death's sure harbingers.
He grieved: but no one could suppose how much.
He would have given his life away for hers,
Rejoicing—but the shaft of death once sped,
ne'er errs.

XXV.

She lingered several months, and then she died
Upon Rinaldo's breast. She never knew
How his wrung heart had wrestled with the tide—
Of its first love ; and how it conquered, too !
Peace to her ashes ! Softly as the dew
Upon the flowers that bloom above her grave,
Fall the cold clods that hide her from our view !
And, if there be a Power above, to save,
She will receive her life again, from HIM who
gave.

XXVI.

My tale is done—my theme has died away—
The grave contains the spell that first inspired
My untaught pen : I have no more to say.
For, if my hero, after months expired,
Returned to his first love, with passions fired,
And claimed her hand, what boots it now to tell ?
Since all that truth e'er loved, or taste admired,
Is buried in the grave with her who fell
A victim to Consumption. Reader, fare you well.

SONGS OF THE ÆRONAUTS.

A REVERY.

The air is filled with spirits. Every breeze
That wafts its pinions o'er the broad expanse
Of land and ocean, is inhabited.

I sat upon a bank of violets,
And, as the westwind gently fann'd my cheek
And kissed the flow'rets as it passed along,
A happy voice was mingled with its hum,
And caroled thus, as it was borne away :

“ Rejoice, ye spirits of the air !
Rejoice, ye mortals of the earth :
To-day, a youthful wedded pair
Are happy, in a daughter's birth.

“ Beneath yon humble roof they dwell,
With but a scanty store ;
But either loves the other well,
And neither asks for more.

“ The wind is bearing me aloft,
To travel far, o'er land and main—
The rose may bloom and wither oft,
Before I shall return again.

“But I this spot again will seek,
In spite of land and water,
And kiss again the downy cheek
Of earth’s most lovely daughter.”

The voice was hushed—and, filled with solemn
awe,

I knelt and worshipp’d; for the west wind’s song
Had touch’d a cord of rapture in my soul.
And still I prayed that when the airy sprite
Should pass again that bank of violets.
I might once more attend its pleasant tale,
And hear its last sweet echo—I was heard!

* * * * *

Spring’s earliest flowers had pass’d away,
And summer’s blooms were blowing,
When on the bank again I lay,
Where violets late were growing.
And as I listened to the birds
That sang so loud and gay,
I called to mind the spirit’s words
That long had passed away.
The gust was playing fitfully
Among the waving trees,
The birds were singing merrily,
And, humming were the bees.
But neither gust nor waving tree,
Nor birds upon the bough,

Nor the industrious "busy bee,"
Are heeded by me now;
For voices, strung with melody,
Around about me roll;
And thus, in sweetest harmony
They fall upon my soul.

" 'Come, haste to the wedding,' the roses are
twining,
To wreath the fair curls of the beautiful bride;
Your sports, all ye spirits of ether, resigning,
Come, haste to the feast, where your queen
shall preside.
Let nothing restrain you, let nothing detain
you,
Let nothing prevent your due homage to-
night;
But come at my calling, your pleasures fore-
stalling,
And hasten away by the morn's early light."

Then came a chorus whisp'ringly,
Of many voices mingled,
That filled my mind with ecstasy,
While on my ear it tingled.

" Our mistress is going, with loveliness glowing,
O'er Isabel's bridals, her vigils to keep;

Haste, sprite, at her bidding, to Isabel's wedding,
And strew the bride's couch with the flow'rets
of sleep.

Each spirit of ether, arrest a young zephyr,
And follow our mistress as sweetly she sings ;
She hath given us warning to tarry till morn-
ing,

And depart by the dawn on the hurricane's
wings."

* * * * *

The mournful autum, with its withered leaves,
Has come, and all the earth seems desolate.
The huntsman picks his way mid crackling twigs
That strew the ground with boughs and branches
bare,

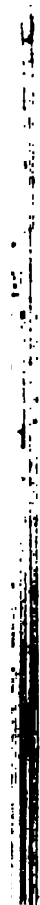
Late shorn of all their livery. From his perch
The hooting night-owl peers, and scarcely flies
From the approaching footfalls. Nimbly leaps
The chattering squirrel 'mid the naked limbs
Of the hoar nut tree, bearing in his mouth
The fruit he has not ventured yet to taste ;
The blue bird makes a short, unsteady flight,
And faintly crying, seeks again the hedge,
Not daring yet to take his annual flight :
The browsing cattle seek no more the shade,
But chew the cud, serenely, in the warmth
Of the less sult'ry sun. All things are sad !
Hark ! 'tis the wind—but listen ! yet, again !

A wail is mingled with its dying breath ;
Unearthly voices fall upon the ear,
And fill the heart with woe unknown before.

“ Woe ! woe ! for the desolate earth !
Wail, spirits, o’er land and main—
Mourn ! mourn ! the deserted hearth
Shall never receive her again :
The hermit cricket shall chirp in vain,
They never will come at her call again.

“ Come, spirits, that join in the throng,
And weep o’er her dying bed ;
But, as ye are passing along,
Float lightly above her head ;
Watch over her dust ; her spirit has fled
To a region prepared for the blessed dead.”

Anon, a chorus stole upon the ear ;
And as it wended upward, the blue vault
Seemed filled with tuneful tongues, all joining in
The happy song—I fell upon the earth
And spoke a fervent prayer—and *I had hope—*
For, haply, as the golden hinges turned,
To give admission to the sainted soul,
That simple prayer might gain admission too.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO ESMERALDA.

"Is there no voice whose kind, awakening love
A sense of springtime in thy heart hath made?
No eye whose glance thy day-dreams would recall?
—— Think —— wouldst thou part with all."—MRS. HEMANS.

Alas, my friend! and shall we meet no more
As in those bright and happy days of yore,
When our fond hearts were full of hope and trust,
When all the vows of truth and love you made,
Had not been crush'd and cruelly betray'd,
And scatter'd on the air as so much dust?

When next I see thee, ah! shall I behold
An eye all dull, and passionless, and cold,
Freezing the very life-blood in my veins?
And will thy hand withdraw from my warm grasp,
And leave no token, by *one* gentle clasp,
That *friendship*, if not *passion*, still remains?

If thou didst *hate* me, then, I might control
The burning passion that consumes my soul;
Might still the anxious throbbings of my breast;
But, oh! I cannot teach myself to brook
The calmness of thy cold indiff'rent look,
That *once* love's warmest fervency express'd.

I knew that time, upon whose pinion lurks
The soul of change, might change all nature's works,
From the small inlet to the boundless sea;
From mighty continent to island small,
And e'en the sky that overarches all—
But deemed not time could ever alter *thee*.

Through childhood's era, and through girlhood's
years,
Through hours of happiness and hours of tears,
Thou wert the object of my tenderness;
I sought to smooth the rough and dreary way
Along which fate had doomed thy feet to stray—
I thought to cheer thine hours of wretchedness.

Thou love'dst me then! O, how my soul doth brood
O'er *that* dear thought, as if it could exclude
From my remembrance, all that now thou art;
Vain dream! Can mem'ry of some bubbling pool
The fever of the wayworn pilgrim cool?
There is no lethe for a breaking heart.

Thou know'st not—ne'er canst know what I have felt
Beneath the blow thy blessed hand hath dealt—
I call thee blessed, and I bless thee still—
But when thy heart's idolatry, like mine,
Shall have been laid on some unworthy shrine,
Then wilt thou know, in part, what *now* I feel.

In that unhappy hour, remember him
Whose love for thee was no mere childish whim,
Touching the *mind* one moment as it passed;
But a life-passion, filling all the *heart*,
And which can never from its home depart,
Until that faithful heart has throbb'd its last.

I ask to be remembered; but, oh! let
 No thought of me produce one vain regret,
 To mar thy hours of happiness or mirth:
 Only, when grief hath aimed some cruel blow,
 Believe me near thee sharing half thy woe—
 E'en though my bones lie mould'ring in the earth.

Oh! had our moments been together cast,
 As I had learned to hope in days now past,
My lot in life had been, perhaps, more blest;
 But *thine* would have been torture, link'd with one
 Whom *once* thou lov'd'st—since *now* that love has flown
 And torn mine image from thy faithless breast.

"May'st thou be happy," still my prayer hath been,
 Through ev'ry circumstance and every scene—
 "May'st thou be happy," still my prayer shall be—
 And may'st thou meet, in all thy future days,
 No greater enemy than him who pays
 This tribute to love's martyr'd memory,

TO SAPPHO.

"O, for mine early confidence!"—L. E. L.

Well, since the day has come at last,
 (Which must have come, or soon, or late,)
 When I must quite forget the past,
 And yield to a relentless fate;
 When all the cords by friendship spun,
 By friendship fondly, vainly prized,
 Are snapt asunder one by one,
 And lie neglected and despised.

When thou, who hast so oft declared
That we could "never be estranged,"
Who every joy and sorrow shared—
When thou my last, best friend, art changed,
How can I ever trust again,
To woman's vows and woman's heart,
When I recall what thou *hast been*,
When I remember what thou *art*?

Ah! henceforth let my soul distrust
The smiles, that heighten beauty's bloom;
And seek for constancy and trust
Beneath the cold and silent tomb.
The dead change not. Within the tomb
No faithlessness of heart is known;
No change can alter those with whom
* "Death's last sad proof is undergone."

No new-found friendship e'er descends
Down to the mansions of the dead,
Displacing old and long-tried friends,
Whose hands the youthful footsteps led.
But, in some hour still and profound,
Love, o'er her cherish'd picture keeps
His vigils, while the world around
In cold indiff'rence calmly sleeps.

E'en in that dark and tranquil hour,
While every eye is closed in sleep,
If now, as once, my voice have pow'r,
I bid thee to awake and weep:

* "..... with them,
The future cannot contradict the past—
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone."—*Wordsworth*.

Weep for the vows by thee betrayed,
Made to be uttered, and disperse ;
And while thou weepest, on thy head
I pour the fullness of my curse :

* "That curse shall be forgiveness." Yet
I love thee fondly as of yore ;
I love—but never can forget,
That I can *trust* to thee *no more*.

TO ROSALIE.

Remember the past, but oh ! yet not in sorrow,
Because of the griefs we have recently known ;
Remember the past, and believe that to-morrow
Will dawn in the semblance of days that are gone.

'Tis true that the pleasures we've tasted have perished,
'Tis true that they may not return any more ;
But is it not true that the feelings we cherished
Still glow with the same burning hopes as before ?

Oh, think of the past ! Can you *wish* to forget it ?
Its moments of rapturous, soul-filling love ?
When, quite overwhelm'd with the bliss that beset it,
The heart was so full that the tongue could not move.

I would not relinquish the sweet recollection
That clings to the past, for an ocean of bliss :
Nor exchange, for a world, the consoling reflection,
That future bright days will reward us for this.

* "That curse shall be forgiveness."—*Byron*.

What, though o'er our fates frowning clouds are suspended;

What, though even death in the distance may loom?
The darkest and dreariest day must be ended :—

And love, such as ours, will survive e'en the tomb.

Then think of the past—though the present be teeming
With sorrow, and anguish, and torture, and pain :
And cherish the hope, in thy bosom once beaming,
That, *having been* happy, we *may be* again.

TO THE SAME.

“I must remember still.”—*The Fountain of Oblivion*

As, in whatever climes they grow,
The sunflowers turn to meet the sun.
So I, where'er I chance to go,
Can think and dream of only one.

I deemed that, in the crowded street,
I might, perhaps, forget awhile ;
But every eye I chanced to meet,
Recalled to mind thy absent smile.

I deemed that in the lonely glen,
In flow'ry dell—by flowing stream,
That *there* I might forget thee—*then*
Thou fill'st my every waking dream.

And in the witching hour of night,
When every eye is closed in sleep,
Remembrance comes, in all its might—
I wake and think of thee—and weep.

Alas ! I've tried each hidden art
 To banish thought, for thy dear sake—
 And all that's left for my fond heart,
 Is to adore thee still—and break.

THE LAST PAGE.

“... .. Is thy love a plant
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
 Of absence withers what was once so fair ?

 Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
 Be left more desolate—more dreary cold
 Than a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine ”—*Wordsworth*

A little girl was playing once,
 Upon the smooth, damp sand,
 And by her side, in youthful pride,
 A boy was seen to stand.

He stooped and whispered in her ear—
 Whate'er his words might be
 None knew—but, kneeling on the sand
 She wrote : “*I love but thee !*”

Time passed—yet scarcely came a day
 Whereon they did not meet
 And talk of love—and dream of love
 In visions long and sweet ;

And every day another page
 Was added to the past,
 Filled up with words of constancy,
 Each fonder than the last.

But circumstances came at length,
And they were doomed to part ;
She was all hope and confidence,
He brokenness of heart.

But, to revive his drooping soul,
Upon the sand, once more,
She wrote another page, like those
Which she had traced before.

Alas ! alas ! she did not know
That every word she traced
Was stamped in fire upon his heart,
And ne'er could be effaced.

She went ; and with the gay and bright,
The flatterers of a day,
Forgot the friend who loved her well,
For he was far away.

And when she saw that friend again,
She coldly turned away ;
For new-made friends had changed her heart
And taught her to betray.

And as she stood upon the sand,
Where she had stood before,
She stooped, and wrote, with careless hand :
" I love you now no more."

These words were stamped upon his heart,
And ever must remain ;
For though he wishes to forget,
He tries, alas ! in vain.

But time will come when she will learn
 Her falseness to deplore ;
 And weep that she could write the page :
 " I love you now no more."

TEMPUS FUGIT.

" * * from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale. * * * "

As You Like It.

" Tick, tick, tick," goes the village clock ;
 And it falls on the convicts ear with a shock ;
 For it tells that the hour is drawing nigh,
 When he will be led to the gibbet to die ;
 And the startled soul in terror cries :
 " Time flies."

" Tick, tick, tick," we hear it still,
 And it strikes on the maiden's ear with a thrill ;
 For the hour is coming when she will see
 Her lover before her, on bended knee ;
 And the maiden exclaims, as she sees the hands :
 " Time stands."

" Tick, tick, tick," it echoes again,
 And the old man hears it with something of pain ;
 For, of moments like these the years are made,
 And soon in the grave must his frame be laid,
 And softly he cries, as the dial he sees :
 " Time flees."

"Tick, tick, tick," we hear its chime,
And the bridegroom curses the foot of time,
And wishes it moved with a ten-leagued stride,
Till the moment arrives to give him his bride,
And raves, as oft at his watch he peeps,
"Time creeps."

But time moves on with unvarying wing,
Whatever the changes of fate it bring;
And only as sorrows or pleasures preside,
Does time seem to falter, or swiftly to glide;
And when in the grave the body descends,
Time ends.

LINES

*Addressed to Egeria, on being Presented with a Flower
which she had just taken from her bosom.*

"Here's flowers for you."—*Winter's Tale.*

Poor simple flower! couldst thou to me impart
Her thoughts, while thou wert nesting at her heart;
Couldst thou but speak the syllables that spell
The name of one she loves, perhaps, too well,
Recount the wild tumultuous throbs that came,
All stealthily, whene'er she heard his name;
Unfold each vision, analyze each care—
Ah! would one single thought of me appear?

Bound to a rock, Prometheus ever feels
The vulture that still gnaws, but never kills;

And thirsty Tantalus grasps at the stream
That cheats him like the image in a dream ;
But these had hope, bright hope, oh ! tell me where
Is aught for me, except it be—despair ?
Yes, I have one resource : this simple flower—
'Twill serve to soothe each tedious, hopeless hour ;
And when I feel, too keenly, true love's smart,
I'll think 'tis she, and press it to my heart.

TO ERINNA.

I'll never call thee cold again,
Nor think thy heart is made of stone ;
I'll never deem my bosom's pain
Could bring one transport to thine own.

For I have gazed upon thy face,
While reading o'er some tale of woe,
And on thy cheeks bright drops could trace,
By soft compassion made to flow.

Who, that has e'er beheld the snows
That Etna's top lies buried in,
Could, for one moment e'en suppose
Such glowing fires could burn within ?

And who, while gazing on thy brow,
So coldly, beautifully fair,
Would deem thy heart could disavow
The calmness that is written there ?

Yet, sometimes from thine eyes will dart
A beam that will not be controlled,
Revealing that thou hast a heart ;
And all, again, is dull and cold.

Yes, though thy features should impart
No more of passion than a stone,
I know thou hast a tender heart,
And that it beats for *me* alone.

TO ESMERALDA.

"O, ye beloved, come home!—the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearthlight and of song
Returns—and ye are gone!"—*The Recall*.

Long weary months of loneliness have passed
Since I beheld thee. Wheresoe'er I turn,
Some object meets me, telling that thou hast
Been too long absent. When wilt thou return?

When thou wast here 'twas winter on the earth;
But Spring was in my bosom. Now I start
To think that Spring has filled the world with mirth,
And I but feel "the winter of the heart."

Thy chair is vacant, at our homely board,
The bed unpress'd on which thou oft hast slept,
The tale unread o'er which thou oft hast pored,
And at its sad review in pity wept.

Could I but visit thee in dreams, 'twere bliss,
To feed *thy* love with *mine*, and keep it strong.
Ah! do not think I doubt thy love, by this,
But oh! I could not tempt thy faith *too long*.

And foul disease is raging in the land ;
I know 'twill shun a thing so pure as thou ;
But it may lay its strong, relentless hand
On *me*—and thou not here to cool my brow.

Away with death ! Thy hand must be in mine
Thy tongue must say my sins are all forgiven,
Before I can this fleeting breath resign ;
And share my parting thought with thee and heaven.

LINES ADDRESSED TO EGERIA.

FROM PRISON.

My thoughts are ever thine. The vaulted sky,
With all its shining hosts, which I survey,
Present no beauties to my lonely eye,
Lonely because Egeria is away.

My prison-bounds are vast ; and oft I stroll
To where some gurgling brooklet sings its lay,
Or mightier waters more majestic roll ;
But I forget not—thou art far away.

Sometimes, to pastures green I wend my steps,
Where cattle graze and frisking lambkins play,
But recollection whispers me, “ perhaps
Egeria may be sad—she’s far away.”

The woods are vocal too, and many a bird
Strives to beguile me with his roundelay ;
But ere the first few thrilling notes are heard,
Thought calls to mind that thou art far away.

And once, I touched, with not unskillful hand,
 The tuneful string—Alas! where is the sway
 Of song? effaced—like letters on the sand—
 Remembrance tells me thou art far away.

My thoughts are thine, *forever, ever* thine,
 The stars, the streamlets, and the pastures gay,
 The woods, the birds, the music that was mine,
 Are naught to me when thou art far away.

A FRAGMENT,

*To the Memory of a very Dear Lady Friend of the Author,
 who died young, beloved by many, and sincerely mourned
 by all.*

“Spirit beloved! whose wing so soon hath flown
 The joyless precincts of this earthly sphere,
 Now is you heaven eternally thine own,
 Whilst I deplore thy loss a captive here”—MRS. HEMANS.

Once more withdrawn from all my soul disdains—
 The world of human falsehood and deceit,
 Where vile hypocrisy forever reigns,
 Enconced in a luxurious retreat,
 Where many a branch o’erhangs my rustic seat,
 And birds and bees their happy voices blend
 In melody and music soft and sweet;
 Let me recall thine image, my lost friend!
 Lost, but, oh! ne’er forgot, till life and thought shall
 end.

In the first flush of youth and life I knew thee,
 Ere on thy brow one wrinkle had been wrought;

In girlhood's years 'twas often mine to view thee,
And mark each furrow which reflection brought;
And when I saw thy face with shadows fraught,
And watched the progress of each length'ning line
I could not drive away the painful thought
That that fair face and form, almost divine,
Into the dust, ere long, perhaps, we must consign.

The robin sings near her deserted nest,
The woodbine weeps above its falling flowers,
The sunflower smiles her glowing god to rest,
And greets him, rising from his eastern bowers;
And weep the clouds o'er their descending showers;
Then let me sing and weep, and weep and smile,
As sings the bird, as weeps the cloud that lowers,
And smiles the flower. In vain! can these beguile
The heart from its deep grief? I sing, yet weep the
while.

I knew that thou wert dying. Day by day,
While thou wert languishing upon thy bed,
I saw that life was vanishing away,
And soon the fatal arrow would be sped
That must dis sever life's too brittle thread.
I knew thee dying; but I did not know
How much I loved thee, till I saw thee dead;
Then felt I all the horrors of the blow,
That crushed my soul with its too dreadful weight of
woe.

The robin sings near her forsaken nest,
But cannot call the loved ones back again;
The woodbine droops, as if by grief oppress'd,
And shelters its defenceless flowers in vain—

Strewn by the blast upon the silent plain;
 But what can song—and what can grief avail?
 Can constancy in love thy life regain?
 If so, even *now*, I know thou wouldst inhale
 The woodbine's "odors meek" borne on the evening
 gale.

There are around me many things I love,
 But all are of the sad and sorrowing kind—
 The very air that murmuring floats above,
 Seems but the sighs of an o'erburdened mind;
 Where'er I turn—where'er I look, I find
 Some souvenir of thee. What need have I
 Of a remembrancer? Thou art entwined
 So closely round my thoughts, that I must die,
 Ere cease to think of thee, and breathe the heartfelt
 sigh.

* * * * * * * * *
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 * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TO MY SISTER INDIA.

"My sister! my sweet sister! If a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine."—BYRON.

When fond recollection shall cease to recall
 The image of one who desired to be
 The friend, benefactor, and helper of all;
 But more than all these, a *brother* to thee.

When the hymn shall be read, and the prayer bespoken,
And the clods shall rattle above my head—
When the golden bowl shall indeed be broken,
And my soul to a distant world be fled ;

When colder than snow shall be my brow,
And my arm shall lie all still by ;
When my blood shall not flow as it courses now,
And my glazing eye shall be dim and dry ;

When my pilgrimage here on the earth shall be o'er,
And the places that know me shall know me no more
When the dart shall have sped, and the bolt be flown,
That drags me away to a land unknown ;

Then read o'er with care what my pen records ;
'Tis the dearest wish my soul can frame ;
And as you are pondering on my words,
Believe me your brother, and still the same.

TO ESMERALDA.

“ * * * * Hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying heaven.”
Death of Wallenstein.

Dost thou remember when we parted last,
Thy gentle hand returned the grasp of mine ?
Alas ! for me, that happy hour is past,
And now, in recollections sad I pine ;

For sad is the remembrance of past joys,
 Yet, unto these the heart for comfort turns ;
 Cons o'er each word, and every thought employs
 To fan the flame that all too brightly burns.

But, *I will hope.* The sailor tempts the sea,
 Though adverse winds have shivered off the mast ;
 Hope is the only refuge left to me,
 And I will hope, and trust thee to the last.

LOVE RENEWED.

" My world is yours, and I would have no other.
 One earth, one sea, one sky, in one horizon,
 Our room is wide enough, unless you hate me,"
Hood's "Lamia."

As, in his cage, the captive bird
 Endures his fate without a moan,
 And when some songster's note is heard
 In joy, at distance from his own,
 By strong emotion oft is stirr'd,
 And flutters round in answering tone.

So, I had learned to bear the fate
 That bound me to a lonely lot,
 Had learned to love my wretched state ;
 At least, had learned to hate it not—
 Had droop'd beneath its crushing weight,
 Forgetting all—by all forgot.

Till in one dear, yet fatal hour,
 Thy voice across my being swept ;

And with a soft, yet magic power,
Awakened thoughts that long had slept,
Awakened thoughts of love once more ;
I loved again—I loved and—wept.

And still I love—and still I weep—
Ah ! must I love and weep in vain ?
This passion, all so wild and deep,
Couldst thou but view without disdain,
The love that in thy heart doth sleep
Might wake to light and life again.

BURIED HOPES.

“ * * * * * departed joys,
Departed, never to return.”—BURNS.

Oh ! weep for him whose early hours
Were shadowed by a rayless gloom ;
For whom life's fairest, sweetest flowers
Grew, but to blossom o'er the tomb.

Oh ! weep for him who never knew
A joy that was not mixed with pain.
Oh ! weep for him who worships you,
Yet ne'er can dare to hope again.

Oh ! weep for me, and ne'er believe,
Because this face in smiles is dressed,
The heart can ever cease to grieve
Within the agonizing breast.

Like flowers on a sepulchral stone
Are smiles upon this pallid face ;
And like that slab, when overgrown,
They only mark hope's burial place.

THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.

"My life flies away like a dream ; Why should I stay behind ? When night comes on the hill ; when the loud winds arise ; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends."—*Ossian*.

Oh ! not while thy footsteps, as now, are attended
By all the endearments that kind friends e'er brought,
While pleasure and health on thy features are blended,
Not then do I ask or expect one kind thought.

But moments will come when the gayest and brightest
Must suffer regrets, from which none are exempt ;
When hearts that are purest, and freest and lightest
Feel sorrow of which the cold world never dreamt.

Ah ! then, when thy heart o'er its sadness is brooding ;
When life shall look gloomy, and friends shall contemn ;
Even *then*, on thy thoughts let my spirit, intruding,
Come with the *departed*, and mingle with them.

TO EGERIA.—FROM PRISON.

'Thou hast broken a vow that was made in faith;
'Thou hast wounded a heart that was thine till death;
And all that remains for thee now to do,
Is to say, that thou spurnest my friendship too.

'Tis said that the pelican sometimes hath wrung
The blood from her bosom to feed her young;
But I would have drained the last drop from my breast
To have given thee health—to have given thee rest.

But let me forget; for I write not this verse
To invoke on thy head either blessing or curse;
The moment will come when words will be spoken,
To make thee remember the vow thou hast broken.

SINCE THE WAR.

"Look but around—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts our sleep, nor glitters o'er our board,
Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power
Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,
As doth that fettered mob, that free divan
Of noble tools and honorable knaves,
Of pensioned patriots and privileged slaves;
That party-colored mass?"—MOORE.

Oh, Lord! What horrible times these are!
I never saw such in my life,
When creditors dun, and rave, and swear,
By bible and psalter, by compass and square,
And the beards that some of them sometimes wear,
That should you not pay, by a specified day,
A suit will be brought, and yourself and your wife,
And your children and credit all lost in the strife.

'Tis vain that you tell them that money is scarce ;
That times are unusually "tight ;"
That you have not a single red cent in your purse ;
That things are so bad that they cannot get worse ;
That you've ceased altogether a cent to disburse
As much as would pay for the ink in this verse ;
That the war has impoverished you quite ;
That the *Yankees* have taken your negroes away ;
Have stolen your corn, have stolen your hay ;
Have stolen your horses, have stolen your cows ;
Have stolen your sheep, and your pigs and your sows ;
Have stolen your axes, your wagons, your ploughs ;
Have stolen your harrows, have stolen your hoes ;
Have stolen your boots, have stolen your shoes ;
Have stolen your money, have stolen your clothes,
Your planes and your compasses, handsaws and squares,
Pianos and carpets, beds, tables and chairs ;
Your washbowls and pitchers, and all sorts of wares ;
Such as knives, forks, spoons, dishes, and ten thousand
things ;
Watches, castors, and breastpins, books, pictures and
rings ;
With everything else they could find in their searches ;
And wound up by burning barns, dwellings and churches.
All this will not do, and your creditors sue
With as little concern as the "boys in blue,"
When they stole all your chattels and "put you through ;"
And your friends which *were* many, *are now* very few.

Besides all these, there are scores of troubles,
That come on you thick and fast ;
Which though they dissolve and burst like bubbles,
Yet give you some pain while they last ;
And fancy, beholding each ill as it hobbles,
Makes it grow, like a spark thrown among the dry stub-
bles,

Till, by time it falls on you, it really doubles,
And your sky is at once overcast.

Be it well understood, I'm not speaking
Of evils that come from above ;
For God is full often found wreaking
His vengeance on them he doth love.
I allude to the ills of man's making,
Backbiting, and cheating, and tricking,
To thwart every good undertaking ;
To wear out the spirit, to supercede merit ;
To grind into dust the head that is aching,
And torture the heart that is already breaking.

I entertain, sometimes, the notion
That Satan has broken his chain,
And, having once got into motion,
Cannot be just now bound again ;
For that earth, and the air, and the ocean,
Are filled with his presence, 'tis plain ;
'Tis mixed with the christian's devotion ;
'Tis present in royalty's train ;
'Tis in the physician's best lotion ;
'Tis nursed in the lawyer's shrewd brain.
The soldier, while seeking promotion,
The sailor while tempting the main
The lover with fondest emotion,
The miser while hoarding his gain,
Every class, every grade,
From the gardener's spade,
To the merchant in trade,
And all the proud titles by royalty made,
All that bask in the sun, all that droop in the shade,
By lovers deceived, or by friendship betrayed,
Are caught in some snare that the devil has laid.

Well! I have only one thing to say;

For the "least said," we hear, "is best mended ;"
Complaints are but words thrown away,

And but seldom or never attended ;
But the moment will come, at some day
Not very far distant, when they

Who gloat o'er their victims like foul birds of prey
Will themselves be betrayed, even as they betray.
(For which I most *cordially, fervently* pray.)

I say that the day is soon coming to lay
All these into dust, by their victims of clay ;
When the high and the low, and the rich and the poor,
The beggar who sits on the steps at the door,
The nabob whose feet spurns the carpeted floor,
The merchant who sends out his magnified bills,
The doctor, who sells you *your* death and *his* pills ;
The parson, who wears a long face and *long* gown ;
The farmer, mechanic, the king and the clown ;
The gambler, the loafer, or man about town ;
And the lawyer, whose soul is as black as his boots,
Who steals your old clothing and *brings you new suits*.
When all these (as has been suggested before)
Will go, when they're done for, where duns are no more,
Where no *hired* collector, or dun-bearing letter
Will come to disturb a poor penniless debtor.

THE SUICIDE.

‘ Ah ! love is even more fragile than its gifts ;
A tress of raven hair—oh, only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows ”—L. E. L.

He sat within his lonely room,
Upon a lonely night ;
A lonely taper lit the gloom
With its pale glimm’ring light.

But in his eyes there shone a light,
More bright than taper dim ;
As wild as if some hideous sprite
Were agonizing him.

And sometimes from his lips would stray
A snatch of song, the while ;
And o’er his face at times would play
A grim and ghastly smile.

Anon he seemed to ponder o’er
A curious lot of things,
A lock of hair, a miniature,
A letter, and some rings.

A cup of poison near him stood,
At which he looked askant ;
A pistol, too, which oft he viewed
With many a look askant.

"And is it thus," at length he cried,
"My happiest dreams depart?
Dreams that are but too closely tied
Around this doting heart?"

"And, as the tendrils of a vine
That clings to some frail flower,
Protect the stalk 'round which they twine
From every passing shower ;

"But, torn by cruel hands away,
The flow'ret and the vine
Will fall beneath the tempest's sway,
And both will droop and pine.

"So, since the hopes no more remain
That cling around this heart,
I will not live to love again,
Deceived by woman's art."

He seized the pistol as he spoke,
And wildly look'd around,
No sound upon the stillness broke,
'Twas awful—'twas profound.

"Hence, noisy thing," as thus he spurned
He laid the weapon up,
And 'as he did, he fiercely turned,
And clutched the poisoned cup.

"Ah, wretched suicide!" I cried,
And sprang within the door,
He swallowed down the fatal tide,
And sank upon the floor.

"Mary, farewell," he thus complained,
"False-hearted one, I come."
I seized the cup which he had drained—
He had been drinking—RUM!!

FOR AN ALBUM.

Oh! after many weary years
Of hope deferred, and prospects blighted;
Of transient smiles, of lingering tears;
Of friendship spurned, love unrequited.

When all our sky seems overcast;
When every wish once fondly cherished,
And every idol of the past,
Has faded, one by one, and perished;

How sweet 'twill be, while turning over
These leaves, transcribed by many a friend,
Among their relics to discover
That some were faithful to the end?

That some there were who never faltered,
Or wavered in their early faith;
But, with a heart unchanged, unaltered,
Preserved their fondness unto death?

Yes, *one*, at least, can never change;
And be thou but as true to me,
And death itself cannot estrange
My heart from its idolatry.

FOR AN ALBUM.

If ever, when we part to meet no more,
Thy love should glow with a less ardent flame,
These pages mute, yet eloquent, read o'er
And think my spirit speaks to you from them.

Think that it would recall those happy hours,
Of sweet affection which we two have pass'd ;
Love which could only warm such hearts as ours,
Yet too refined, perhaps, too fond, to last.

Perchance in joy some new made friend may claim
To share thy bliss, her arm in thine enwreathed,
Perhaps, even then, thou may'st forget my name,
And all the vows by us so fondly breathed.

If so, I would not be remembered then ;
No, not while joy thy cup of life is filling,
And smiling friends attend thy footsteps ; when
The cords of thy young heart with bliss are thrilling.

But when distress thy drooping soul engages,
Oh ! then recall my long forgotten name ;
And as thou read'st these much neglected pages,
Believe me, then and evermore, the same.

FOR AN ALBUM.

" Oh, be thou blest with all that heaven can send,
Long health, long youth long pleasure, and a friend."—Pope.

Not in these pages do there flow
The flatteries of a measured art ;
For here I only seek to show
The homage of an humble heart.

Not in my features can you trace
The passion that consumes my soul ;
I hide beneath a smiling face
The love I struggle to control.

This bosom has adored thee long,
But never hoped for a return ;
Yet filled with passions no less strong,
Because thus secretly they burn.

And if, as my fond heart foretells,
Our fates and fortunes ne'er can blend,
Oh, suffer me, if nothing else,
To call myself your faithful friend.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

The autumn leaves are falling
About my turfy seat ;
The plaintive dove is calling
No longer for his mate.

Hush'd is the song of gladness,
Amid the silent grove,
All things are full of sadness,
Yet sadder is my love ;

For though the green leaves wither,
And fall to earth like rain,
The spring, which brought them hither,
Will bring them yet again ;

And though the turtle's cooing
Attract the ear no more,
Spring's breath the flowers renewing,
His song, too, will restore.

But when *love's* birds and flowers
From the fond heart have gone,
And left their sacred bowers
Untenanted and lone ;

There is no coming season
Their presence to recall,
Then ask me not the reason
I'm sadder far than all.

TO GIRLS WHO HAVE ALBUMS.

"The dog-star rages!"—POPE.

AN ALBUM was of yore, perhaps,
A record of sweet inspirations ;
But *now*, it is a thing of scraps,
Filled up with divers misquotations.

Where every fool that will may scribble
Vile nonsense o'er fictitious names ;
Whose rhymes can scarce provoke a nibble,
From some old *hopeless hungry* dames.

Ah ! girls, I give advice but seldom,
The privilege I rarely claim ;
But if you chance to have an album,
Oh, call it by some other name !

TO A YOUNG LADY,
On Returning Her Lost Watch-key.

I M P R O M P T U .

You'll find enclosed in this small box,
The key which but your *watch* unlocks;
Oh! could it but unlock your heart,
'Tis death alone could make us part.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

TO ELLEN.

When time with ceaseless steps shall have impress'd
Full a many a shadow on thy faultless brow,
And worldly cares and sorrows fill thy breast,
Which throbs with such ingenuous feelings now;

When thy proud figure shall have been exchanged
For one o'erburdened with the weight of years,
And friends, once deemed all truth, become estranged,
Or placed, by death, beyond all hopes and fears;

Or if, by chance, a better fate be thine,
And time should touch thee with a gentle finger;
And those sweet graces that about thee twine,
As life advances, should still fondly linger;

And though thy friends should all as constant prove
In future years as now they seem to be;
And though disease and death should bless thy love,
And spare the objects all so dear to thee;

Yet, in some future hour, when "pensive thought"
Shall bid thee turn these silent pages o'er;
And read each line, with love and friendship fraught,
And sigh for those whom thou canst meet no more.

If but one heartfelt sigh be breathed for me,
One tear of pity o'er my foibles shed,
'Tis all that living I would ask of thee,
And all that I implore should I be dead.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

TO MISS EVA W*****, OF E*****.

In that bright world of beauty
Where thou dost reign supreme,
The idol of all worship.
The image of each dream;

Where every breast adores thee,
And every heart is thine;
May I indulge the blissful hope,
That one kind thought is mine?

What though I've only known thee
But for a few short days?
What though this verse be written,
Inspired by friendship's rays?

Oh, let not time, but fervor,
My deeper feelings prove !
For *friendship*, such as ours, will long
Survive the glow of *love*.

TO A LAZY YOUNG LADY,
On Presenting Her with a Tatting-needle.

Penelope once, when by lovers pursued,
After trying each art which her wits could discover,
And no longer able their suits to elude,
Promised that she would choose, from among them, a
lover,
As soon as she finished embroidering some satin,
On which her fair lily-white fingers were *tattin'*.*

But, somehow or other, when day after day
Had pass'd, and the work should have been almost
finished,
It seemed to get on in a singular way,
And so far from length'ning, had really diminished.
They did not perceive how this retrograde travelling
Was caused, by Penelope, all night long unravelling.

Should you ever be placed in a like situation,
Surrounded by lovers who worry and vex you,
There's one thing, unless mine's a wrong calculation,
That will place it, I think, beyond fate to perplex you ;
That is, should you e'er have your work to undo,
You can spoil in *one* hour what you broidered in *two*.

* This word, though in common use among the ladies, seems to be of quite recent origin. Its orthography is doubtful.

HOPES REVIVED.

TO MY FRIEND, TEMP'E B.

The cold chilly winds of December were blowing,
And leafless and bare hung the boughs from the trees;
And pale fell the shadows the full moon was throwing,
Now bright—now obscured by a cloud on the breeze.

No sound struck the ear, save the owl's dismal hooting,
And bleating of sheep, with their bells faintly tinkling,
And the watch-dog's low moan, at some meteor shooting;
While calm lay the earth that the frost was besprinkling

But colder, by far, was the heart in my bosom,
Than winds of December, all chill though they be,
And hope's withered branches had shed their last blossom,
And naught in the future look'd happy for me.

But an angel appear'd, whose bright smile could awaken
The feelings that I had thought dead, until now;
Hope entered the heart it had long since forsaken,
And gilded the future—*That angel was thou!*

Oh, then! when I saw thee, despair quickly vanished;
Thy *friendship* each feeling of youth could restore;
The cold chilly feelings of sorrow were banished,
And hope's golden blossoms are blooming once more.

TO NELLIE.

Ah ! yes, I love thee—have mine eyes e'er darted
One look of aught but fondest love for thee ?
Did I not worship thee before we parted ?
And canst thou e'er become less dear to me ?

Thou hast each waking and each sleeping thought ;
E'en heaven itself is far less dear than thou ;
And dost thou think my heart can e'er be taught
To beat with love less warm and pure than now ?

I do not ask thy love—within thy breast
There is an advocate, that pleads for me ;
A *still, small voice*, that will not let thee rest—
Forever whispering of my love for thee.

THE INVOCATION.

"Come, with a thought."—*Tempest*.

When thine eyes with joy are beaming,
And thy soul is full of glee ;
When of pleasure thou art dreaming,
Think, oh, loved one ! Think of me.

When in sorrow thou art pining,
(Oh, may such thy fate ne'er be !)
Then will grief, thy heart entwining,
Cause thee to remember me.

When prosperity shall bless thee,
And the world shall bend the knee,
To adore thee, and caress thee,
Wilt thou, loved one! think of me?

When adversity befall thee,
Heavy though its hand may be,
Let its heaviness recall thee,
To a transient thought of me.

And while health still plants its roses
On thy cheek in lavish glee,
Memory in thy heart reposes,
Cherishing sweet thoughts of me.

Thou must feel disease's finger,
Healthy though thou now mayst be;
But I know that there will linger
In thy heart, one thought for me.

Youth, with its anticipations,
Now is thine, and long will be;
Mingle with its expectations,
Thoughts of love—and thoughts of me.

Age will come. Thy steps will falter,
Though they now be light and free;
And, although thy heart may alter,
Thou wilt still have thoughts of me.

By thy joy, and by thy sorrow;
Thy prosperity, and woe,
Sickness, health, youth, age's furrow,
All that may be thine below;

By the hours we've spent together,
By true love, and all its might,
I invoke thy spirit hither,
To protect me through the night.

I M P R O M P T U ,

*In Reply to a very Dear Lady Friend, who asked Me if I
"Ever Prayed for Her?"*

Oh! I have prayed for thee when morning's light
Hath gilded all the East in bright array,
And the blithe lark hath taken his early flight,
Then I have prayed for thee, though far away.

And when at noon the sun oppressive throws
His sultry radiance over land and lea;
And the parched earth with liquid lustre glows—
Ah! *then*, beloved one, I pray for thee.

At sunset, too, I often pray for thee—
Oh, may thy future days like *his* be pass'd
Undimm'd, unrivall'd in their majesty,
And flushed, with glorious brightness, to the last.

Then, canst thou ask me, if "I pray for thee?"—
My prayers are thine, both sleeping and awake—
Do *thou* but pray as fervently for *me*—
And heaven will bless me, for thy own dear sake.

WARM AND COLD.

"Like a clankless chain enthralling,
 Like the sleepless dreams that mock,
 Like the frigid icedrops falling
 From the surf-surrounded rock :
 Such the cold and sick'ning feeling
 Thou hast caused this heart to know ;
 Stabbed the deeper by concealing
 From the world its bitter woe."—*Byron*.

Thy coldness hath chill'd every tendril of passion,
 That clung round my heart in such tender delight ;
 And all that remains is the sick'ning sensation
 That, love which you honored, you would not requite.

My heart was a garden of love where were planted
 The seeds of devotion, to wither and pine ;
 And the faith and affection for which my soul panted,
 It sought, but alas !—it hath found not, in thine.

I loved thee, Oh, God ! with what heartfelt devotion !
 Each throb of thy heart was re-echoed by mine ;
 I thought to awaken a kindred emotion—
 But *mine* was the folly—the triumph was *thine*.

And thus it is ever, with all that is human,
Man's faith may resist the allurements of fate :
 But he who builds hopes on the faith of a *woman*,
 Will mourn o'er his error, when it is too late.

I never shall seek to arouse a dear feeling—
 All hope of the future I freely resign—
 Thy heart will grow warmer, while mine is congealing :
 Then the *folly*'ll be *thine*, and the *triumph* be *mine*.

Oh ! not for the world, would I have thee dissemble,
 And smile upon me while thy heart was away :

Every pulse, every nerve in my bosom would tremble,
To know that thy smiles were designed to betray.

No ; smile upon him who has basely entangled
The heart which I once thought entirely my own :
And know, that, though love in my bosom be strangled,
It has been succeeded by *pity* alone.

THE OLD MAN

To his long-absent Daughter.

“ * * * * * Life hath passed
With me but roughly since I saw thee last.”—*Cowper*.

I cannot remember your face, my child,
I cannot remember your face ;
I cannot recall your look when you smiled,
They have vanished, and left but a trace :
An image, vague, shadowy, dim, undefined,
Is all that appears to my wandering mind.

I try to remember how tall you are,
I try to remember your size ;
I try to remember the shade of your hair,
I try to remember your eyes—
I cannot—my mind has grown feeble and weak—
But, the heart ! the heart ! it is hard to break.

'Tis said that time never blots out from the heart
The image therein enshrined :
That the features of loved ones cannot depart
From the fond and worshipping mind :
'Tis false : for thou knowest this love of mine—
And well hast thou answered that love with thine.

But though from my mind every feature be fled,
Though every loved lineament's gone—
Your words I remember, full well, in their stead—
Every word—every sound—every tone—
I think of your words, and I vainly invoke
My mind to recall how you looked as you spoke.

I remember your tears of delight when we meet,
(How I gathered them oft with my lips !)
To me they were sweeter—ah ! ten times more sweet,
Than the nectar the honey-bee sips.
O ! purer the drops which affection thus sheds,
Than the gems that lie deepest in ocean's deep beds.

And the hyacinths, too—so sweet, yet so frail !
That you used to present me of yore—
I sometimes imagine that I can inhale
Their sweetness and fragrance once more.
I know 'tis but fancy, they're withered and dead,
And all of their sweetness and beauty have fled.

All these I remember, I think of them still ;
These raptures I cannot forget :
But the kisses you gave touched the heart with a thrill
That is trembling and vibrating yet.
O ! sweet as the fabulous nectar of Jove,
Are kisses when drawn from the lips that we love.

How strange that the objects conveyed through the eyes
Should make an impression so slight ;
But a few weary, miserable months have gone by,
And your features have gone from me quite.
But one single glance would suffice to restore
Your image, all glowing and lovely, once more.

Good-night, to thee, darling, I go to my rest
To call up thy image in sleep.

And whatever sorrows may rend my own breast,
Mayst thou ne'er have reason to weep ;
And may kind angels guard thee, wherever thou be,
Till fortune restores thee to love and to me.

TO EGERIA.

When mournful autumn yields his reign,
And wintry winds sweep o'er the heath,
And all the flowers that decked the plain,
Are withered by their freezing breath:

Let but the vernal breezes blow,
Dispelling icy winter's gloom,
The flowers their tender petals show,
And blush, reviving from the tomb.

Thus had affection's flowers been chilled,
I saw each gentle thought depart,
By unrequited love congealed,
And shrink all frozen to my heart:

But thou didst only dart one smile,
And that, which looked like death before,
Hath sprung to life and love the while,
And blooms in loveliness once more.

Oh, lady ! smile thou like the sun,
Yet ne'er, like him, let clouds o'er cast,
But, blessing all thou look'st upon,
Shine on, in glory, to the last.

FORSAKEN.

Wilt thou not come to me once more, my friend,
To one, whose happiness is wrapped in thine?
Whose blessings ever on thy steps attend,
And round whose heart sweet recollections twine.

Ah, yes! in pity come to me, once more,
Come to my soul like rain to drooping flowers:
Thy fond and gentle heart to me restore,
And we will yet revive dear by-gone hours.

Oh! *then*, and not till then, thy soul will know
The love which I have felt through all the past:
Which all thy coldness could not overthrow,
Which bless'd, and still will bless thee to the last.

TO MY WIFE.

Care often clouds my aching brow,
Or lurks beneath my brightest smile;
Reigns o'er my breast, and will allow
No joys to glad my soul the while.
Each pleasure that I once enjoyed,
Lives only in remembrance sad;
I see each flattering hope destroyed,
And mourn those days forever fled.
Ah! who can tell the bitterness
That lurks beneath the sweetest draught?
Here may we drink of happiness,
Or *there* some poison may be quaff'd.
Resigned to fate, whate'er it be,

No grief shall henceforth cloud my life;
There still remains one hope to me,
On which to build my destiny:
No other than a faithful wife.

ON THE RETURN OF A FRIEND

Who has been long absent.

However sad this world may be,
Each year contains some happy hours,
Some islands in life's boundless sea,
To cheer us with their fruits and flowers.
E'en I, whose life thus far hath passed
Remote from bliss and all its train,
A sailor on life's dreary main,
Going like a wave, where'er I'm cast,
Receiving nought but grief and pain,
And careless, hopeless, to the last,
Value, beyond what words can say,
Each hour I've spent this blessed day,
Since spent with thee, who hast been far away.

TO AN UNKNOWN LADY FRIEND.

Should fate decree that we should never meet,
And thus deprive me of a hope most dear,
Resigned to its decrees I must submit,
And meekly bear the disappointment here.
However, there is still one hope for me:
Beyond the silent grave, (our sins forgiven,)
Unknown and unseen *here*, my hope shall be,

Forever to behold thy face in heaven.
Oh, then! my friend, if thou art friend to me,
Remember me in all thy prayers above!!!
Dear are the prayers of those whom God doth love.

TO A FRIEND.

Be joy or grief, be weal or woe
Engraven on my future lot,
'Twill be my greatest bliss to know
That *thou*, at least, despised me not.
Yet, lady, should this verse e'er claim
Perhaps once glance from thy bright eye,
Oh! think on one whose only aim
Presumes but to adore a name
Engraved upon his memory.

SMILES ON THE FACE OF A DEAR FRIEND.

'Mid the fond recollections that round thee will linger
And tincture thy future with tender delights,
Remember the friend, who, with faltering finger,
Yet changeless affection, these characters writes,
Every throb of whose breast begs a blessing on thee.
Go where'er thou wilt, hate, contempt, or despise,
Round thy pathway my prayers will still hovering be,
And guard thee from evil, if evil arise,
Very happy, indeed, to be useful to thee,
Entirely too happy, if I can but see
Smiles on thy dear face, though they be not for me.

SUBMISSION IN BONDAGE.

'Mid the scenes of the future, when fond recollection
 Allures thee to think on the past and its changes,
 Remember the friend, whose devoted affection,
 Your coldness distresses, but never estranges.
 Every hope may depart, every beam of thine eye,
 Glancing fondly on others, may gleam upon me—
 Reminding my soul of sweet moments gone by
 And vanished forever, like stars from the sky.
 Vainly, vainly I strive the illusion to shake—
 Every effort at freedom my heart tries to make,
 Seems to say to my heart, it must love on, *or break*.

AT PARTING.

"I'll make my lone thought cross thee like a spirit."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Since thou and I must shortly part,
 And know not when we'll meet again,
 Remember, that my faithful heart,
 As if by some mysterious art,
 However sad, thine image will retain.
 Valleys and hills in gorgeous verdure growing,
 Islands and continents may intervene,
 Rivers and seas, in ceaseless currents flowing,
 Gay with a thousand ships, may roll between;
 In foreign climes although my steps may stray,
 No matter where, for me, life's pathway tend,
 I'll bear thine image on my lonely way,
 And bless thee still, my warmest, dearest friend!

Judge, then, if sentiments so pure and tender
Are doomed to change? Oh! never thus believe!
No! love is fadeless as the bright sun's splendor,
Eternal as the ocean's ceaseless wave.
May love as fond and true as this I offer
On the pure altar of thy heart be strewn;
Oh, mayst thou never know what 'tis to suffer
Remorse, for blasted hopes by thee undone,
Ere heaven shall call and claim thee for its own.

TO ONE UNKNOWN.

[NOTE.—Written, by request of my daughter, to a very dear friend of hers, who is since dead.]

“The good die first.”—WORDSWORTH.

Hov'ring near, with smiles benignant,
Angels watch thy youthful hours,
Reaching forth, with hands propitious,
Round thy path to scatter flowers;
If I dared to pray for thee,
Even thus my prayers should be:
That such might be thy destiny.
And, oh! if angels from on high
Ne'er cease to keep their watch o'er thee,
Need I to fear to beg a look,
A glance of thy soft eye on me?
May I not hope that thou, erewhile,
On me will deign to cast a smile,
Rewarding faith—imparting bliss,
That while the angels smile on *you*,
On *me* may smile *one* angel, too—
Not from another world, but this.

HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS.

Since in this false and fickle state,
Unchanging faith is seldom found ;
Since all we love, and all we hate,
In spite of hope—in spite of fate,
Endures but with the passing sound,
Fix not thy heart on trifling things,
Earth hath no idol fit for thee ;
In heaven alone love folds his wings,
Like Noah's dove returned, which he
Despatched to wander o'er the sea.
Heaven's choicest, richest blessings rest
On thy dear head, where'er thou rovest ;
While not a care disturbs thy breast ;
Long mayst thou be thus kindly blest,
E'en till thou meet the God thou lovest.

FRIENDSHIP.

“ What is friendship, but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep.
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.”—GOLDSMITH.

Let others talk to thee of love,
Unchangeable and pure,
Like that which angels feel above,
And mortals oft endure ;
He who indites these simple words,
Of *friendship* only speaks,
Whose voice, like some sweet forest bird's,
Lives in the heart, and bliss affords,
E'en till the fond heart breaks.

L E T T E R ,

To My Daughter at College. In Reply.

MY DEAR LITTLE BABY :—Your note of the seventh
Came duly to hand on the tenth or eleventh,
And, with some exceptions, (hereafter recited)
You may justly suppose I was truly delighted ;
And, therefore, I sit down to answer ; although
I wrote to you only a few days ago ;
But, as that, and my former note, both were in prose,
I think I'll write this time in verse—"so, here goes :"
With children and epicures, I have observed,
That the best for the latest is always reserved,
And, to follow this practice, I'll scold at you first,
Beginning my note with a taste of the worst,
And wind up with love and affection, and so forth,
Before I permit this vile doggerel to go forth.
In the first place, your writing is almost illegible,
And your meaning, in some places, quite unintelligible.
You may guess how I felt when your monthly report sent,
Proclaimed you deficient, *by four*, on deportment.
Howe'er, your mamma underetood the transaction,
And *she* has explained it to my satisfaction.
Well, so much for scolding, and that sort of stuff,
And I reckon you think I have scolded enough ;
A spirit of cheerfulness seems to pervade
Your letters—(this is a most excellent rule.)
And I judge that your amiable temper has made
A friendly impression upon the whole school.
In music, I hope you will be a proficient,
By practice alone can you ever excel,
Yet your musical genius is, I think, sufficient
To fit you to sing and to play very well.

I'm glad you like Latin—(I used to despise it)
 Its participles, grounds, supines, and so forth,
 It's a hard thing to learn, too, no matter who tries it,
 But when it *is* learned, there's no telling its worth.

* * * * *

I wrote this, intending to send it at once,
 But your mamma said, "she thought it better to wait,
 At least a few days, till I got your response
 To my letter," despatched—I've forgotten the date.
 I'll send it to-day, *if I can*, (I'll put that in.)
 And hope it may come, like the Israelites manna,
 And cheer you while poring away on your Latin,
 Or thumping away on the harp or piano.
 In the meantime, my darling, (I love thus to call you,)
 Be cheerful, be studious, but never be sad;
 And of one thing be certain, whatever befall you,
 You've two friends to look to—your *God*, and
 Your DAD.

CONSTANCY.

"* * * There is but one place in the world,
 Thither where he lies buried! * * * * *
 That place of death—
 Is now the only place
 Where life yet dwells for me; detain me not!"—COLERIDGE

A maiden stood at a mirror,
 Arranging her raven hair,
 That fell in graceful ringlets
 Upon her bosom fair;
 And while she plaited her tresses,
 She sung this simple air:

SONG:

"Far away o'er the sea, it is said, there's a land
 That is governed by women—where men are unknown;

Where nature, with lavish and bounteous hand,
Her beauties in wildest profusion has strewn;
Where all that is lovely, and all that is bright,
Ever gladdens the soul, ever pleases the sight.

“There the trees are all loaded with fruits and with flowers;
The breezes come filled with the richest perfumes;
And the music of birds, 'mid their roseate bowers,
And the murmur of bees where the orange-tree blooms,
And the gurgling of rills over bright sands of gold,
Give a charm and a rapture that cannot be told.

“There the dew-drops are changed into pearls as they fall,
There the moonbeams in silver all lovely things steep,
There the wild birds of nature will come at your call,
And the lamb and the lion together will sleep;
There is peace on the earth, there is peace in the air,
There is peace on the ocean, for MAN is not there.

“Ah! could I but find an elysium like this,
Where man's hateful footsteps had never been heard,
I'd pass away life in a transport of bliss,
And sing my own dirge, like that fabulous bird
Whose voice, although harsh and discordant by day,
Melts to tears by its sweetness, as life fades away.”

Thus sang the lovely maiden,
With heart both light and gay;
And, her hair being smoothly braided,
She merily danced away.
Time pass'd, and brought its changes;
And, as it oft must prove,
She, who had ridiculed, now felt
The pangs—the power—of love.
He, whom she loved, requited
Her passion but with pride;
He won the heart he slighted,
And took another bride.

Ah ! wo to the hopes thus blighted !
And, wo to the groom and bride !
The maiden's face was altered,
The maiden's eye grew dim ;
The maiden's accents faltered,
Whenever she thought on him ;
Her steps grew weak and weaker,
Her cheeks lost all their red ;
And those who went to seek her,
Found her upon her bed ;
And on her face, they could easily trace,
How time with her had sped ;
For, she looked on the wall with a vacant stare,
And then in your face, with a languid air ;
And her voice had that dull and listless tone
Which tarries when joy and mirth have flown ;
And her eyes, at intervals, brightly shone,
And became, in a moment, as dull as stone ;
And her lips, that seemed bathed in rosy dew,
Had lost all their plumpness, and redness too,
And clung to her teeth in a tight embrace,
That gave an expression of gloom to her face ;
And her cheeks, that had once surpass'd the blush
Of the rosiest peach, wore a hectic flush,
That sat on her care-worn face the while,
Like a vulture on beauty's funereal pile ;
And thus she spoke, in a plaintive note,
That seemed to be dying away in her throat,
Like the last faint chirp that is sometimes heard
From some poor wounded, dying bird :
“ Yes, I am dying—I can feel the chill
Of death upon my frame—my pulse is still,
That ever beat in wilder throbs before,
At mention of his name—it beats no more ;
Oh ! had I but one year—one month—one day—
To watch him, as he wends his happy way,

With *her* beside him—wherefore do I start?
 Can *her* name, more than *his*, affect my heart?
 I have no fear of death—life has for me
 No charms—no hopes—no aught but—misery;
 But I would linger still—I would not have
Her tears of pity o'er my lonely grave.
 Tell him, I loved him---that my early death
 Was caused by this---and say, my latest breath
 Was spent for him I would have died to save
 From, what must soon be mine, an early grave.”

But death took not the maiden,
 She lived---but none knew why,
 Unless because she seemed to be
 Too sad a thing to die;
 While he, her idol, died,
 And left his lovely wife---
 Lovely---yet, ah! that faithless bride
 Had poisoned away his life!!!
 And scarcely a year had pass'd since he died,
 Ere her widow's weeds were thrown aside,
 And she became, again, a bride!!

* * * * *

And oft, when the golden sun is gone,
 Seated upon the marble stone
 That tells where the victim sleeps alone,
 May be seen a stooping and haggard crone,
 Watching the mound that is overgrown,
 With the flowers her faithful hand had sown.

* * * * *

Let us hope that her sorrows on earth were given
 To fit her soul for a brighter heaven.

THE CONTRAST.

"And yet, how lovely in thine image of woe!
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee nature's varied favorite now;"

Childs Harold's Pilgrimage..

From the Potomac's wild and classic stream,
To where the Rio DEL NORTE's waters gleam;
From Carolina's fair, but dangerous coast,
To where the Andes, in the clouds are lost,
Fair freedom smiled o'er every hill and dell,
Fair plenty ruled the year, and all was well.
Each Sabbath morn, by street, and lane and road,
Saw thousands wending to the house of God,
All sexes, ages, colors, all inspired
With thoughts of praise, by warm devotion fired;
First, the rich planter, in his carriage, leads,
With shining equipage and prancing steeds;
While, mounted proudly in the driver's box,
Sits Sambo, with his kink'd, but well-combed locks,
And scarcely deigns, from pride, to cast an eye
On his more humble peers, in passing by;
And so of all---each as his means may suit;
Some go in wagons---carts---some plod on foot,
And some (although the number is but small)
Remain at home, and do not go at all.
Thus passed the first day of the blessed seven
By those who wished to find a road to heaven;
But, oh, the busy, bustling scenes that meet
The eye, next day, in country, town, and street!
The teams are fed, and early at the field
That for their toil a rich return will yield;
And hark! for miles and miles around there floats,
Upon the morning breeze, the swineherd's notes,
Inviting, ere the sun has streak'd the east,
His grunting charge to take their early feast;
While, mingled with these sounds, the huntsman's horn,
With deep-mouth'd staghound's bay, awakes the morn-
But there are other sights and sounds that please:
The songs of birds---the murmurings of bees,
The ploughman, as he drives his team along,
Mingling his chidings with the note of song,
Besides the lowings of the well-fed herds,
And other joys, too numerous for words.
Thus, day by day, and week by week were pass'd,
Each seeming to be happier than the last.
Each season, as it came, some pleasure brought:
The spring, with buds and blossoms richly fraught;
The summer, with its fields of yellow grain,
That seemed to cover all the fertile plain,

The reaper's songs, the ringing of his blade,
 Beneath the sharpening strokes in cadence made;
 The booming of the bat, at twilight's hour,
 The beetle's droning from its sylvan bower;
 And autumn's fruits, and winter's ice and snows;
 Besides ten thousand joys the country knows.
 All these were ours---but, ah! these joys are fled;
 No longer now, by pious feelings led,
 Our people seek the house of God---alas!
 A heap of ruins lies where once it was;
 Full many a fane, by pious hands upraised,
 Where pious Christians their Redeemer praised,
 Lies mould'ring in one fall'n and blackened heap,
 Where piety may come---and look---and---weep.
 And where is now the hospitable board
 That, once, both rich and poor could well afford?
 The smile of welcome that one always met?
 The heartfelt wish that he would linger yet?
 The smiling housewife---dignified---serene,
 Presiding o'er her household like a queen;
 The manly sons and blushing daughters fair,
 Assiduous to relieve their parents' care;
 And Sambo, with his black and shining face,
 Happy to fill in life his proper place,
 With naught to care for---happy and resigned,
 With nothing to disturb his vacant mind:
 His food, his raiment, by his master's care
 Provided; and when age shall chill his powers,
 The kindest pity o'er his dying hours?
 Where are all these? The question is in vain;
 Cast but your eye "along the extended plain,"
 Where once each hospitable door flew wide,
 And cheerful welcome all your wants supplied;
 The pauper'd owner now, quite stingy grown,
 Peers through the half-opened door, with face of stone;
 While his "*gude wife*" keeps up a whisp'ring din,
 And bids him, "*not to ask the stranger in!*"
 Ashamed to let their poverty be known,
 Almost the only thing that's *now* their own.
 Now, to yon cottage let us wend our way,
 Where Sambo lived for many a happy day;
 And as we go, let's mark the sedge field
 That marks the path by woods almost concealed.
 In vain, we look for corn or waving wheat,
 But, in their stead, we find the poisonous cheat;
 In vain, we listen for the laborer's song,
 That echo once delighted to prolong;
 In vain, we listen for the busy sound
 Of loaded wagons o'er the fallow'd ground;
 In vain, we look and listen. Sounds like these
 Have long since ceased to come upon the breeze!

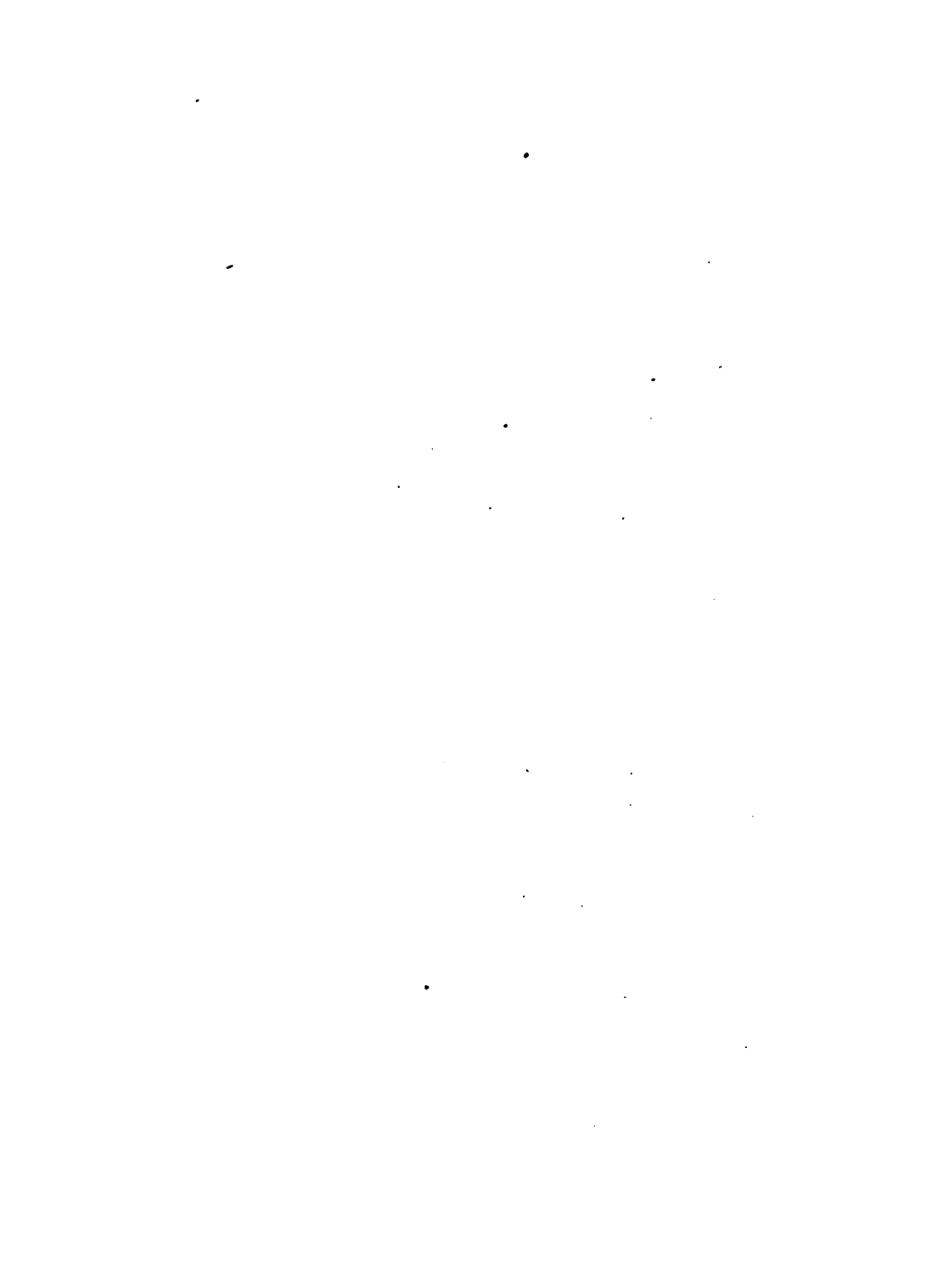
But now, we reach the cottage: Here, once more,
 We'll meet a welcome, as in days of yore;
 The *master's* door was closed with careful hands,
 But Sambo's humble cot wide open stands;
 Yet, what a solemn stillness hangs around!
 And why do weeds usurp the garden ground?
 And where's the wattled fence, so close and neat,
 That used to guard it from intrusive feet?
 Some broken panels here and there remain,
 The rest lie scatter'd on the dreary plain;
 Why silent is the dog that used to snore
 Upon the mat, inside the lowly door?
 And where's the bucket, with its mossy side,
 That often cheer'd me with its dripping tide?
 The pole to which it hung sways to and fro.
 As if 'twere conscious of some dreadful woe;
 But where's the bucket? Ah! 'tis but too true,
 The bucket's gone---and *so is Sambo too*;
 Poor and half-starved, he roams from place to place,
 Fit representative of all his race---
 Too indolent to work, he steals and brags
 "He has his freedom,"---and---*he has his rags*.
 Deluded victim of a party bent
 On his extinction, or his banishment!
 Can any patriot's eye survey the scene,
 As he recalls what this fair land hath been,
 And yet be dry? Can any patriot's heart,
 As he beholds her glories all depart,
 By vile fanatics wrested from her brow,
 Her temple's ne'er dishonored until now,
 Throb without feeling an "ingenuous shame,"
 E'en at the very mention of her name?

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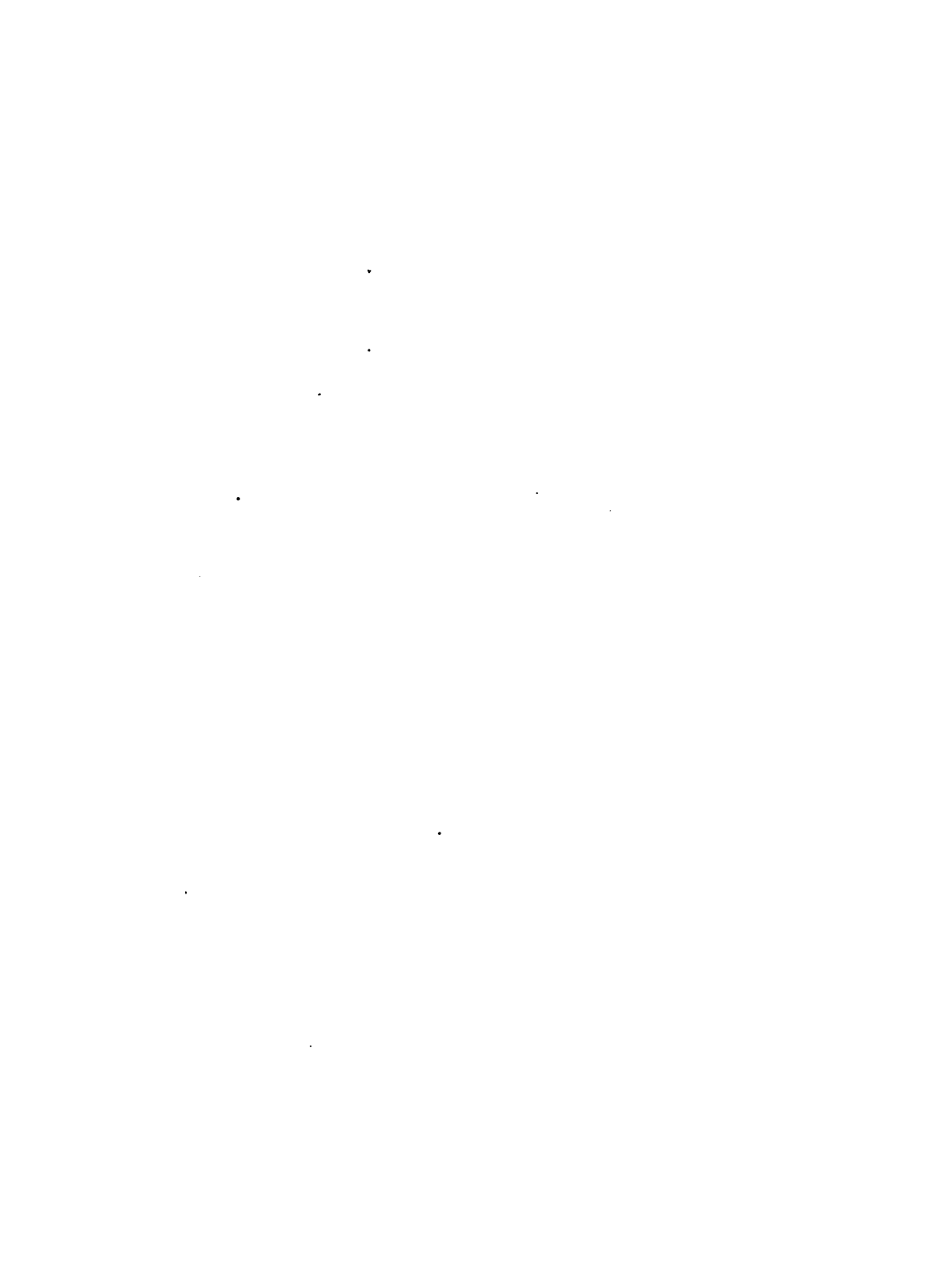
But if the rural districts feel this woe,
 Struck paralyzed, subdued by one fell blow,
 If o'er her fields, where all rich products grew,
 A dreary waste alone confronts the view.
 And where KING COTTON, clad in snow white robe,
 Once reigned the cherish'd monarch of the globe;
 (The only king our country ever saw,
 Till modern tyrants, skilled in *lies* and *law*,
 Have "*reconstructed*" all the South of late,
 And placed a king in every Southern State.)
 And where the luscious sugar-cane once grew,
 And fruits of every kind and every hue,
 Weeds vile and hateful quite usurp the place,
 The country's *poverty*---not it's *disgrace*!!
 If such the picture in the rural parts,
 How is it in her towns---her public marts?
 The heart grows sick at the disgusting scene;
 Her seaports, where, in happier days, were seen

Ships from a hundred ports, now scarce can show
 A dozen flags. The waves unrippled flow,
 Save by the wind and ebbings of the tide,
 And fishing sculls that o'er their surface glide;
 The wharves all vacant, save the filthy crew
 Of ragged freedmen, who have naught to do.
 But loiter in the sunshine's genial rays,
 And wait the coming on of better days.
 Nor happier is the picture that one meets
 Along the silent and deserted streets;
 The idle merchants doze, and often cast
 A backward glance upon the busy past;
 The manufacturer, whose engines lie
 Quite unemployed, with retrospective eye,
 Looks languidly; and the mechanic too,
 Who always had enough of work to do,
 Now roams the street---his implements of trade,
 With long disuse consumed from hilt to blade.
 All, all is idle; but the *filth* and *slime*
 Belch'd forth from Northern reservoirs of crime
 Upon our helpless land---vile "*scallawags*."
 That prowl about with cards and "*carpetbags*,"
 Those loathsome reptiles, with insatiate mouth;
 That drink the very lifeblood of the *South*;
 They are all busy, with industrious jaws,
 To make our "*Constitutions*" and our "*Laws*"!!

! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
 Unhappy land! and can there yet remain
 Within thy broad and beautiful domain,
 (Lovely in thy debasement and thy woe,
 Ah! ten times lovelier in days long ago!)
 One native of thy soil, whate'er his creed,
 Who could desert thee in thine hour of need?
 Who could with felons and barbarians join,
 To seize our government---and to purloin,
 With sacrilegious hands, in FREEDOM's name,
 The last faint right that FREEDOM dares to claim?
 If such there be, go bear him to some clime
 Unknown to virtue, and controll'd by crime,
 Where not one noble impulse ever sprung
 To touch the heart or animate the tongue;
 There lurking, groveling, skulking from the light
 Of open day, may nothing meet his sight
 But the assassin's knife; and in his breast
 Come not one thought to give his conscience rest;
 May all his food be loath'd, and every sip
 Of wine or water parch his thirsty lip!
 Till his vile body (*soul* he cannot have.)
 Shall fall unwep't, uncoffin'd, in the grave;
 And neuts and adders his companions be,
 Through endless ages of eternity!!!!









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